

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.¹

XXIX.

UNDER her cousin's escort Isabel returned on the morrow to Florence, and Ralph Touchett, though usually he was not fond of railway journeys, thought very well of the successive hours passed in the train which hurried his companion away from the city now distinguished by Gilbert Osmond's preference—hours that were to form the first stage in a still larger scheme of travel. Miss Stackpole had remained behind; she was planning a little trip to Naples, to be executed with Mr. Bantling's assistance. Isabel was to have but three days in Florence before the 4th of June, the date of Mrs. Touchett's departure, and she determined to devote the last of these to her promise to go and see Pansy Osmond. Her plan, however, seemed for a moment likely to modify itself, in deference to a plan of Madame Merle's. This lady was still at Casa Touchett; but she too was on the point of leaving Florence, her next station being an ancient castle in the mountains of Tuscany, the residence of a noble family of that country, whose acquaintance (she had known them, as she said, "for ever") seemed to Isabel, in the light of certain photographs of their immense crenellated dwelling which her friend was able to show her, a precious privilege.

She mentioned to Madame Merle

that Mr. Osmond had asked her to call upon his daughter; she did not mention to her that he had also made her a declaration of love.

"*Ah, comme cela se trouve!*" the elder lady exclaimed. "I myself have been thinking it would be a kindness to take a look at the child before I go into the country."

"We can go together, then," said Isabel, reasonably. I say "reasonably," because the proposal was not uttered in the spirit of enthusiasm. She had prefigured her visit as made in solitude; she should like it better so. Nevertheless, to her great consideration for Madame Merle she was prepared to sacrifice this mystic sentiment.

Her friend meditated, with her usual suggestive smile. "After all," she presently said, "why should we both go; having, each of us, so much to do during these last hours?"

"Very good; I can easily go alone."

"I don't know about your going alone—to the house of a handsome bachelor. He has been married—but so long ago!"

Isabel stared. "When Mr. Osmond is away, what does it matter?"

"They don't know he is away, you see."

"They? Whom do you mean?"

"Every one. But perhaps it doesn't matter."

¹ Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1880, by Henry James, jun., in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

"If you were going, why shouldn't I?" Isabel asked.

"Because I am an old frump, and you are a beautiful young woman."

"Granting all that, you have not promised."

"How much you think of your promises!" said Madame Merle, with a smile of genial mockery.

"I think a great deal of my promises. Does that surprise you?"

"You are right," Madame Merle reflected audibly. "I really think you wish to be kind to the child."

"I wish very much to be kind to her."

"Go and see her then; no one will be the wiser. And tell her I would have come if you had not.—Or rather," Madame Merle added—"don't tell her; she won't care."

As Isabel drove, in the publicity of an open vehicle, along the charming winding way which led to Mr. Osmond's hill-top, she wondered what Madame Merle had meant by no one being the wiser. Once in a while, at large intervals, this lady, in whose discretion as a general thing, there was something almost brilliant, dropped a remark of ambiguous quality, struck a note that sounded false. What cared Isabel Archer for the vulgar judgments of obscure people, and did Madame Merle suppose that she was capable of doing a deed in secret? Of course not—she must have meant something else—something which in the press of the hours that preceded her departure she had not had time to explain. Isabel would return to this some day; there were certain things as to which she liked to be clear. She heard Pansy strumming at the piano in another apartment, as she herself was ushered into Mr. Osmond's drawing-room; the little girl was "practising," and Isabel was pleased to think that she performed this duty faithfully. Presently Pansy came in, smoothing down her frock, and did the honours of her father's house with the wide eyed conscientiousness of a sensitive child. Isabel sat there for half an hour, and

Pansy entertained her like a little lady—not chattering, but conversing, and showing the same courteous interest in Isabel's affairs that Isabel was so good as to take in hers. Isabel wondered at her; as I have said before, she had never seen a child like that. How well she had been taught, said our keen young lady, how prettily she had been directed and fashioned; and yet how simple, how natural, how innocent she has been kept! Isabel was fond of psychological problems, and it had pleased her, up to this time, to be in doubt as to whether Miss Pansy were not all-knowing. Was her infantine serenity but the perfection of self-consciousness? Was it put on to please her father's visitor, or was it the direct expression of a little neat, orderly character? The hour that Isabel spent in Mr. Osmond's beautiful empty, dusky rooms—the windows had been half-darkened, to keep out the heat, and here and there, through an easy crevice, the splendid summer day peeped in, lighting a gleam of faded colour or tarnished gilt in the rich-looking gloom—Isabel's interview with the daughter of the house, I say, effectually settled this question. Pansy was really a blank page, a pure white surface; she was not clever enough for precocious coquetties. She was not clever; Isabel could see that; she only had nice feelings. There was something touching about her; Isabel had felt it before; she would be an easy victim of fate. She would have no will, no power to resist, no sense of her own importance; only an exquisite taste, and an appreciation, equally exquisite, of such affection as might be bestowed upon her. She would easily be mystified, easily crushed; her force would be solely in her power to cling. She moved about the place with Isabel, who had asked leave to walk through the other rooms again, where Pansy gave her judgment on several works of art. She talked about her prospects, her occupations, her father's intentions; she was not egotistical, but she felt the propriety of

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giving Isabel the information that so observant a visitor would naturally expect.

"Please tell me," she said, "did papa, in Rome, go to see Madame Catherine? He told me he would if he had time. Perhaps he had not time. Papa likes a great deal of time. He wished to speak about my education; it isn't finished yet, you know. I don't know what they can do with me more; but it appears it is far from finished. Papa told me one day he thought he would finish it himself; for the last year or two, at the convent, the masters that teach the tall girls are so very dear. Papa is not rich, and I should be very sorry if he were to pay much money for me, because I don't think I am worth it. I don't learn quickly enough, and I have got no memory. For what I am told, yes—especially when it is pleasant; but not for what I learn in a book. There was a young girl, who was my best friend, and they took her away from the convent when she was fourteen, to make—how do you say it in English?—to make a *dot*. You don't say it in English? I hope it isn't wrong; I only mean they wished to keep the money, to marry her. I don't know whether it is for that that papa wishes to keep the money, to marry me. It costs so much to marry!" Pansy went on, with a sigh; "I think papa might make that economy. At any rate I am too young to think about it yet, and I don't care for any gentleman; I mean for any but him. If he were not my papa I should like to marry him; I would rather be his daughter than the wife of—of some strange person. I miss him very much, but not so much as you might think, for I have been so much away from him. Papa has always been principally for holidays. I miss Madame Catherine almost more; but you must not tell him that. You shall not see him again? I am very sorry for that. Of every one who comes here I like you the best. That is not a great compliment, for there

are not many people. It was very kind of you to come to-day—so far from your house; for I am as yet only a child. Oh, yes, I have only the occupations of a child. When did you give them up, the occupations of a child? I should like to know how old you are, but I don't know whether it is right to ask. At the convent they told us that we must never ask the age. I don't like to do anything that is not expected; it looks as if one had not been properly taught. I myself—I should never like to be taken by surprise. Papa left directions for everything. I go to bed very early. When the sun goes off that side I go into the garden. Papa left strict orders that I was not to get scorched. I always enjoy the view; the mountains are so graceful. In Rome, from the convent, we saw nothing but roofs and bell-towers. I practise three hours. I do not play very well. You play yourself? I wish very much that you would play something for me; papa wishes very much that I should hear good music. Madame Merle has played for me several times; that is what I like best about Madame Merle; she has great facility. I shall never have facility. And I have no voice—just a little thread."

Isabel gratified this respectful wish, drew off her gloves, and sat down to the piano, while Pansy, standing beside her, watched her white hands move quickly over the keys. When she stopped, she kissed the child good-bye, and held her a moment, looking at her.

"Be a good child," she said; "give pleasure to your father."

"I think that is what I live for," Pansy answered. "He has not much pleasure; he is rather a sad man."

Isabel listened to this assertion with an interest which she felt it to be almost a torment that she was obliged to conceal from the child. It was her pride that obliged her, and a certain sense of decency; there were still other things in her head which she felt a strong impulse, instantly checked,

to say to Pansy about her father; there were things it would have given her pleasure to hear the child, to make the child, say. But she no sooner became conscious of these things than her imagination was hushed with horror at the idea of taking advantage of the little girl—it was of this she would have accused herself—and of leaving an audible trace of her emotion behind. She had come—she had come; but she had stayed only an hour! She rose quickly from the music-stool; even then, however, she lingered a moment, still holding her small companion, drawing the child's little tender person closer, and looking down at her. She was obliged to confess it to herself—she would have taken a passionate pleasure in talking about Gilbert Osmond to this innocent, diminutive creature who was near to him. But she said not another word; she only kissed Pansy once more. They went together through the vestibule, to the door which opened into the court; and there Pansy stopped, looking rather wistfully beyond.

"I may go no further," she said. "I have promised papa not to go out of this door."

"You are right to obey him; he will never ask you anything unreasonable."

"I shall always obey him. But when will you come again?"

"Not for a long time, I am afraid."

"As soon as you can, I hope. I am only a little girl," said Pansy, "but I shall always expect you."

And the small figure stood in the high, dark doorway, watching Isabel cross the clear, grey court, and disappear into the brightness beyond the big *portone*, which gave a wider gleam as it opened.

XXX.

ISABEL came back to Florence, but only after several months; an interval sufficiently replete with incident. It is not, however, during this interval that we are closely concerned with

her; our attention is engaged again on a certain day in the late spring-time, shortly after her return to the Palazzo Crescentini, and a year from the date of the incidents I have just narrated. She was alone on this occasion, in one of the smaller of the numerous rooms devoted by Mrs. Touchett to social uses, and there was that in her expression and attitude which would have suggested that she was expecting a visitor. The tall window was open, and though its green shutters were partly drawn, the bright air of the garden had come in through a broad interstice, and filled the room with warmth and perfume. Our young lady stood for some time at the window, with her hands clasped behind her, gazing into the brilliant aperture, in the manner of a person relapsing into reverie. She was preoccupied; she was too restless to sit down, to work, to read. It was evidently not her design, however, to catch a glimpse of her visitor before he should pass into the house; for the entrance to the palace was not through the garden, in which stillness and privacy always reigned. She was endeavouring rather to anticipate his arrival by a process of conjecture, and to judge by the expression of her face this attempt gave her plenty to do. She was extremely grave; not sad exactly, but deeply serious. The lapse of a year may doubtless account for a considerable increase of gravity; though this will depend a good deal upon the manner in which the year has been spent. Isabel had spent hers in seeing the world; she had moved about; she had travelled; she had exerted herself with an almost passionate activity. She was now, to her own sense, a very different person from the frivolous young woman from Albany, who had begun to see Europe upon the lawn at Gardencourt a couple of years before. She flattered herself that she had gathered a rich experience, that she knew a great deal more of life than this light-minded creature had even suspected. If her thoughts just now

had inclined themselves to retrospect, instead of fluttering their wings nervously about the present, they would have evoked a multitude of interesting pictures. These pictures would have been both landscapes and figure-pieces; the latter, however, would have been the more numerous. With several of the figures concerned in these combinations we are already acquainted. There would be, for instance, the conciliatory Lily, our heroine's sister and Edmund Ludlow's wife, who came out from New York to spend five months with Isabel. She left her husband behind her, but she brought her children, to whom Isabel now played with equal munificence and tenderness the part of maiden-aunt. Mr. Ludlow, toward the last, had been able to snatch a few weeks from his forensic triumphs, and, crossing the ocean with extreme rapidity, spent a month with the two ladies in Paris, before taking his wife home. The little Ludlows had not yet, even from the American point of view, reached the proper tourist-age; so that while her sister was with her, Isabel confined her movements to a narrow circle. Lily and the babies had joined her in Switzerland in the month of July, and they had spent a summer of fine weather in an Alpine valley where the flowers were thick in the meadows, and the shade of great chestnuts made a resting-place in such upward wanderings as might be undertaken by ladies and children on warm afternoons. Afterwards they had come to Paris, a city beloved by Lily, but less appreciated by Isabel, who in those days was constantly thinking of Rome. Mrs. Ludlow enjoyed Paris, but she was nevertheless somewhat disappointed and puzzled; and after her husband had joined her she was in addition a good deal depressed at not being able to induce him to enter into these somewhat subtle and complex emotions. They all had Isabel for their object; but Edmund Ludlow, as he had always done before, declined to be surprised, or distressed, or mysti-

fied, or elated, at anything his sister-in-law might have done or have failed to do. Mrs. Ludlow's feelings were various. At one moment she thought it would be so natural for Isabel to come home and take a house in New York—the Rossiters', for instance, which had an elegant conservatory, and was just round the corner from her own; at another she could not conceal her surprise at the girl's not marrying some gentleman of rank in one of the foreign countries. On the whole, as I have said, she was rather disappointed. She had taken more satisfaction in Isabel's accession of fortune than if the money had been left to herself; it had seemed to her to offer just the proper setting for her sister's slender but eminent figure. Isabel had developed less, however, than Lily had thought likely—development, to Lily's understanding, being somehow mysteriously connected with morning calls and evening parties. Intellectually, doubtless, she had made immense strides; but she appeared to have achieved few of those social conquests of which Mrs. Ludlow had expected to admire the trophies. Lily's conception of such achievements was extremely vague; but this was exactly what she had expected of Isabel—to give it form and body. Isabel could have done as well as she had done in New York; and Mrs. Ludlow appealed to her husband to know whether there was any privilege that she enjoyed in Europe which the society of that city might not offer her. We know, ourselves, that Isabel had made conquests—whether inferior or not to those she might have effected in her native land, it would be a delicate matter to decide; and it is not altogether with a feeling of complacency that I again mention that she had not made these honourable victories public. She had not told her sister the history of Lord Warburton, nor had she given her a hint of Mr. Osmond's state of mind; and she had no better reason for her silence than that she didn't wish to speak. It entertained her more to say

nothing, and she had no idea of asking poor Lily's advice. But Lily knew nothing of these rich mysteries, and it is no wonder, therefore, that she pronounced her sister's career in Europe rather dull—an impression confirmed by the fact that Isabel's silence about Mr. Osmond, for instance, was in direct proportion to the frequency with which he occupied her thoughts. As this happened very often, it sometimes appeared to Mrs. Ludlow that her sister was really losing her gaiety. So very strange a result of so exhilarating an incident as inheriting a fortune was of course perplexing to the cheerful Lily; it added to her general sense that Isabel was not at all like other people.

Isabel's gaiety, however—superficially speaking at least—exhibited itself rather more after her sister had gone home. She could imagine something more poetic than spending the winter in Paris—Paris was like smart, neat prose—and her frequent correspondence with Madame Merle did much to stimulate such fancies. She had never had a keener sense of freedom, of the absolute boldness and wantonness of liberty than when she turned away from the platform at the Euston Station, on one of the latter days of November, after the departure of the train which was to convey poor Lily, her husband, and her children, to their ship at Liverpool. It had been good for her to have them with her; she was very conscious of that; she was very observant, as we know, of what was good for her, and her effort was constantly to find something that was good enough. To profit by the present advantage till the latest moment, she had made the journey from Paris with the unenvied travellers. She would have accompanied them to Liverpool as well, only Edmund Ludlow had asked her, as a favour, not to do so; it made Lily so fidgety, and she asked such impossible questions. Isabel watched the train move away; she kissed her hand to the elder of her small nephews, a demonstrative child

who leaned dangerously far out of the window of the carriage and made separation an occasion of violent hilarity, and then she walked back into the foggy London street. The world lay before her—she could do whatever she chose. There was something exciting in the feeling, but for the present her choice was tolerably discreet; she chose simply to walk back from Euston Square to her hotel. The early dusk of a November afternoon had already closed in; the street-lamps, in the thick, brown air, looked weak and red; our young lady was unattended, and Euston Square was a long way from Piccadilly. But Isabel performed the journey with a positive enjoyment of its dangers, and lost her way almost on purpose, in order to get more sensations, so that she was disappointed when an obliging policeman easily set her right again. She was so fond of the spectacle of human life that she enjoyed even the aspect of gathering dusk in the London streets—the moving crowds, the hurrying cabs, the lighted shops, the flaring stalls, the dark, shining dampness of everything. That evening, at her hotel, she wrote to Madame Merle that she should start in a day or two for Rome. She made her way down to Rome without touching at Florence—having gone first to Venice and then proceeded southward by Ancona. She accomplished this journey without other assistance than that of her servant, for her natural protectors were not now on the ground. Ralph Touchett was spending the winter at Algiers, and Miss Stackpole, in the September previous, had been recalled to America by a telegram from the *Interviewer*. This journal offered its brilliant correspondent a fresher field for her talents than the mouldering cities of Europe, and Henrietta was cheered on her way by a promise from Mr. Bantling that he would soon come over and see her. Isabel wrote to Mrs. Touchett to apologise for not coming just then to Florence, and her aunt replied characteristically enough.

Apologies, Mrs. Touchett intimated, were of no more use than soap-bubbles, and she herself never dealt in such articles. One either did the thing or one didn't, and what one would have done belonged to the sphere of the irrelevant, like the idea of a future life or of the origin of things. Her letter was frank, but (a rare case with Mrs. Touchett) it was not so frank as it seemed. She easily forgave her niece for not stopping at Florence, because she thought it was a sign that there was nothing going on with Gilbert Osmond. She watched, of course, to see whether Mr. Osmond would now go to Rome, and took some comfort in learning that he was not guilty of an absence. Isabel, on her side, had not been a fortnight in Rome before she proposed to Madame Merle that they should make a little pilgrimage to the East. Madame Merle remarked that her friend was restless, but she added that she herself had always been consumed with the desire to visit Athens and Constantinople. The two ladies accordingly embarked on this expedition, and spent three months in Greece, in Turkey, in Egypt. Isabel found much to interest her in these countries, though Madame Merle continued to remark that even among the most classic sites, the scenes most calculated to suggest repose and reflection, her restlessness prevailed. Isabel travelled rapidly, eagerly, audaciously; she was like a thirsty person draining cup after cup. Madame Merle, for the present, was a most efficient duenna. It was on Isabel's invitation she had come, and she imparted all necessary dignity to the girl's uncourteous condition. She played her part with the sagacity that might have been expected of her; she effaced herself, she accepted the position of a companion whose expenses were profusely paid. The situation, however, had no hardships, and people who met this graceful pair on their travels would not have been able to tell you which was the patroness and which the client. To say that Madame Merle

improved on acquaintance would misrepresent the impression she made upon Isabel, who had thought her from the first a perfectly enlightened woman. At the end of an intimacy of three months Isabel felt that she knew her better; her character had revealed itself, and Madame Merle had also at last redeemed her promise of relating her history from her own point of view—a consummation the more desirable as Isabel had already heard it related from the point of view of others. This history was so sad a one (in so far as it concerned the late M. Merle, an adventurer of the lowest class, who had taken advantage, years before, of her youth, and of an inexperience in which doubtless those who knew her only now would find it difficult to believe); it abounded so in startling and lamentable incidents, that Isabel wondered the poor lady had kept so much of her freshness, her interest in life. Into this freshness of Madame Merle's she obtained a considerable insight; she saw that it was, after all, a tolerably artificial bloom. Isabel liked her as much as ever, but there was a certain corner of the curtain that never was lifted; it was as if Madame Merle had remained after all a foreigner. She had once said that she came from a distance, that she belonged to the old world, and Isabel never lost the impression that she was the product of a different clime from her own, that she had grown up under other stars. Isabel believed that at bottom she had a different morality. Of course the morality of civilised persons has always much in common; but Isabel suspected that her friend had esoteric views. She believed, with the presumption of youth, that a morality which differed from her own must be inferior to it; and this conviction was an aid to detecting an occasional flash of cruelty, an occasional lapse from candour, in the conversation of a woman who had raised delicate kindness to an art, and whose nature was too large for the narrow ways of deception. Her con-

ception of human motives was different from Isabel's, and there were several in her list of which our heroine had not even heard. She had not heard of everything, that was very plain; and there were evidently things in the world of which it was not advantageous to hear. Once or twice Isabel had a sort of fright, but the reader will be amused at the cause of it. Madame Merle, as we know, comprehended, responded, sympathised, with wonderful readiness; yet it had nevertheless happened that her young friend mentally exclaimed—"Heaven forgive her, she doesn't understand me!" Absurd as it may seem, this discovery operated as a shock; it left Isabel with a vague horror, in which there was even an element of foreboding. The horror of course subsided, in the light of some sudden proof of Madame Merle's remarkable intelligence; but it left a sort of high-water-mark in the development of this delightful intimacy. Madame Merle had once said that, in her belief, when a friendship ceased to grow, it immediately began to decline—there was no point of equilibrium between liking a person more and liking him less. A stationary affection, in other words, was impossible—it must move one way or the other. Without estimating the value of this doctrine I may say that if Isabel's imagination, which had hitherto been so actively engaged on her friend's behalf, began at last to languish, she enjoyed her society not a particle less than before. If their friendship had declined, it had declined to a very comfortable level. The truth is that in these days the girl had other uses for her imagination, which was better occupied than it had ever been. I do not allude to the impulse it received as she gazed at the Pyramids in the course of an excursion from Cairo, or as she stood among the broken columns of the Acropolis and fixed her eyes upon the point designated to her as the strait of Salamis; deep and memorable as these emotions had been. She came back by the last of March from Egypt and Greece, and

made another stay in Rome. A few days after her arrival Gilbert Osmond came down from Florence, and remained three weeks, during which the fact of her being with his old friend Madame Merle, in whose house she had gone to lodge, made it virtually inevitable that he should see her every day. When the last of April came she wrote to Mrs. Touchett that she should now be very happy to accept an invitation given long before, and went to pay a visit at the Palazzo Crescentini, Madame Merle on this occasion remaining in Rome. Isabel found her aunt alone; her cousin was still at Algiers. Ralph, however, was expected in Florence from day to day, and Isabel, who had not seen him for upwards of a year, was prepared to give him the most affectionate welcome.

XXXI.

It was not of him nevertheless that she was thinking while she stood at the window, where we found her a while ago, and it was not of any of the matters that I have just rapidly sketched. She was not thinking of the past, but of the future; of the immediate, impending hour. She had reason to expect a scene, and she was not fond of scenes. She was not asking herself what she should say to her visitor; this question had already been answered. What he would say to her—that was the interesting speculation. It could be nothing agreeable; Isabel was convinced of this, and the conviction had something to do with her being rather paler than usual. For the rest, however, she wore her natural brightness of aspect; even deep grief, with this vivid young lady, would have had a certain soft effulgence. She had laid aside her mourning, but she was still very simply dressed, and as she felt a good deal older than she had done a year before, it is probable that to a certain extent she looked so. She was not left indefinitely to her appre-

hensions, for the servant at last came in and presented her a card.

"Let the gentleman come in," said Isabel, who continued to gaze out of the window after the footman had retired. It was only when she had heard the door close behind the person who presently entered that she looked round.

Caspar Goodwood stood there—stood and received a moment, from head to foot, the bright, dry gaze with which she rather withheld than offered a greeting. Whether on his side Mr. Goodwood felt himself older than on the first occasion of our meeting him, is a point which we shall perhaps presently ascertain; let me say meanwhile that to Isabel's critical glance he showed nothing of the encroachments of time. Straight, strong, and fresh, there was nothing in his appearance that spoke positively either of youth or of age; he looked too deliberate, too serious to be young, and too eager, too active to be old. Old he would never be, and this would serve as a compensation for his never having known the age of chubbiness. Isabel perceived that his jaw had quite the same voluntary look that it had worn in earlier days; but she was prepared to admit that such a moment as the present was not a time for relaxation. He had the air of a man who had travelled hard; he said nothing at first, as if he had been out of breath. This gave Isabel time to make a reflection. "Poor fellow," she mentally murmured, "what great things he is capable of, and what a pity that he should waste his splendid force! What a pity, too, that one can't satisfy everybody!" It gave her time to do more—to say at the end of a minute,

"I can't tell you how I hoped that you wouldn't come."

"I have no doubt of that." And Caspar Goodwood looked about him for a seat. Not only had he come, but he meant to stay a little.

"You must be very tired," said Isabel, seating herself, generously,

as she thought, to give him his opportunity.

"No, I am not at all tired. Did you ever know me to be tired?"

"Never; I wish I had. When did you arrive here?"

"Last night, very late; in a kind of snail-train they call the express. These Italian trains go at about the rate of an American funeral."

"That is in keeping—you must have felt as if you were coming to a funeral," Isabel said, forcing a smile, in order to offer such encouragement as she might to an easy treatment of their situation. She had reasoned out the matter elaborately; she had made it perfectly clear that she broke no faith, that she falsified no contract; but for all this she was afraid of him. She was ashamed of her fear; but she was devoutly thankful there was nothing else to be ashamed of. He looked at her with his stiff persistency—a persistency in which there was almost a want of tact; especially as there was a dull dark beam in his eye which rested on her almost like a physical weight.

"No, I didn't feel that; because I couldn't think of you as dead. I wish I could!" said Caspar Goodwood, plainly.

"I thank you immensely."

"I would rather think of you as dead than as married to another man."

"That is very selfish of you!" Isabel cried, with the ardour of a real conviction. "If you are not happy yourself, others have a right to be."

"Very likely it is selfish; but I don't in the least mind your saying so. I don't mind anything you can say now—I don't feel it. The cruellest things you could think of would be mere pin-pricks. After what you have done I shall never feel anything. I mean anything but that. That I shall feel all my life."

Mr. Goodwood made these detached assertions with a sort of dry deliberateness, in his hard, slow American tone, which flung no atmospheric

colour over propositions intrinsically displeasing. The tone made Isabel angry rather than touched her; but her anger perhaps was fortunate, inasmuch as it gave her a further reason for controlling herself. It was under the pressure of this control that she said, after a little, irrelevantly, by way of answer to Mr. Goodwood's speech—"When did you leave New York?"

He threw up his head a moment, as if he were calculating. "Seventeen days ago."

"You must have travelled fast, in spite of your slow trains."

"I came as fast as I could. I would have come five days ago if I had been able."

"It wouldn't have made any difference, Mr. Goodwood," said Isabel, smiling.

"Not to you—no. But to me."

"You gain nothing that I see."

"That is for me to judge!"

"Of course. To me it seems that you only torment yourself." And then, to change the subject, Isabel asked him if he had seen Henrietta Stackpole.

He looked as if he had not come from Boston to Florence to talk about Henrietta Stackpole; but he answered, distinctly enough, that this young lady had come to see him just before he left America.

"She came to see you?"

"Yes, she was in Boston, and she called at my office. It was the day I had got your letter."

"Did you tell her?" Isabel asked, with a certain anxiety.

"Oh no," said Caspar Goodwood, simply; "I didn't want to. She will hear it soon enough; she hears everything."

"I shall write to her; and then she will write to me and scold me," Isabel declared, trying to smile again.

Caspar, however, remained sternly grave. "I guess she'll come out," he said.

"On purpose to scold me?"

"I don't know. She seemed to think she had not seen Europe thoroughly."

"I am glad you tell me that," Isabel said. "I must prepare for her."

Mr. Goodwood fixed his eyes for a moment on the floor; then at last, raising them—"Does she know Mr. Osmond?" he asked.

"A little. And she doesn't like him. But of course I don't marry to please Henrietta," Isabel added.

It would have been better for poor Caspar if she had tried a little more to gratify Miss Stackpole; but he did not say so; he only asked, presently, when her marriage would take place.

"I don't know yet. I can only say it will be soon. I have told no one but yourself and one other person—an old friend of Mr. Osmond's."

"Is it a marriage your friends won't like?" Caspar Goodwood asked.

"I really haven't an idea. As I say, I don't marry for my friends."

He went on, making no exclamation, no comment, only asking questions.

"What is Mr. Osmond?"

"What is he? Nothing at all but a very good man. He is not in business," said Isabel. "He is not rich; he is not known for anything in particular."

She disliked Mr. Goodwood's questions, but she said to herself that she owed it to him to satisfy him as far as possible.

The satisfaction poor Caspar exhibited was certainly small; he sat very upright, gazing at her.

"Where does he come from?" he went on.

"From nowhere. He has spent most of his life in Italy."

"You said in your letter that he was an American. Hasn't he a native place?"

"Yes, but he has forgotten it. He left it as a small boy."

"Has he never gone back?"

"Why should he go back?" Isabel asked, flushing a little, and defensively.

"He has no profession."

"He might have gone back for his pleasure. Doesn't he like the United States?"

"He doesn't know them. Then he is very simple—he contents himself with Italy."

"With Italy and with you," said Mr. Goodwood, with gloomy plainness, and no appearance of trying to make an epigram. "What has he ever done?" he added, abruptly.

"That I should marry him? Nothing at all," Isabel replied, with a smile that had gradually become a trifle defiant. "If he had done great things would you forgive me any better? Give me up, Mr. Goodwood; I am marrying a nonentity. Don't try to take an interest in him; you can't."

"I can't appreciate him; that's what you mean. And you don't mean in the least that he is a nonentity. You think he is a great man, though no one else thinks so."

Isabel's colour deepened; she thought this very clever of her companion, and it was certainly a proof of the clairvoyance of such a feeling as his.

"Why do you always come back to what others think? I can't discuss Mr. Osmond with you."

"Of course not," said Caspar, reasonably.

And he sat there with his air of stiff helplessness, as if not only this were true, but there were nothing else that they might discuss.

"You see how little you gain," Isabel broke out—"how little comfort or satisfaction I can give you."

"I didn't expect you to give me much."

"I don't understand, then, why you came."

"I came because I wanted to see you once more—as you are."

"I appreciate that; but if you had waited a while, sooner or later we should have been sure to meet, and our meeting would have been pleasanter for each of us than this."

"Waited till after you are married? That is just what I didn't want to do. You will be different then."

"Not very. I shall still be a great friend of yours. You will see."

"That will make it all the worse," said Mr. Goodwood grimly.

"Ah, you are unaccommodating! I can't promise to dislike you, in order to help you to resign yourself."

"I shouldn't care if you did!"

Isabel got up, with a movement of repressed impatience, and walked to the window, where she remained a moment, looking out. When she turned round, her visitor was still motionless in his place. She came towards him again and stopped, resting her hand on the back of the chair she had just quitted.

"Do you mean you came simply to look at me? That's better for you, perhaps, than for me."

"I wished to hear the sound of your voice," said Caspar.

"You have heard it, and you see it says nothing very sweet."

"It gives me pleasure, all the same."

And with this he got up.

She had felt pain and displeasure when she received that morning the note in which he told her that he was in Florence, and, with her permission, would come within an hour to see her. She had been vexed and distressed, though she had sent back word by his messenger that he might come when he would. She had not been better pleased when she saw him; his being there at all was so full of implication. It implied things she could never assent to—rights, reproaches, remonstrance, rebuke, the expectation of making her change her purpose. These things, however, if implied, had not been expressed; and now our young lady, strangely enough, began to resent her visitor's remarkable self-control. There was a dumb misery about him which irritated her; there was a manly staying of his hand which made her heart beat faster. She felt her agitation rising, and she said to herself that she was as angry as a woman who had been in the wrong. She was not in the wrong; she had fortunately

not that bitterness to swallow; but, all the same, she wished he would denounce her a little. She had wished his visit would be short; it had no purpose, no propriety; yet now that he seemed to be turning away, she felt a sudden horror of his leaving her without uttering a word that would give her an opportunity to defend herself more than she had done in writing to him a month before, in a few carefully chosen words, to announce her engagement. If she were not in the wrong, however, why should she desire to defend herself? It was an excess of generosity on Isabel's part to desire that Mr. Goodwood should be angry.

If he had not held himself hard it might have made him so to hear the tone in which she suddenly exclaimed, as if she were accusing him of having accused her,

"I have not deceived you! I was perfectly free!"

"Yes, I know that," said Caspar.

"I gave you full warning that I would do as I chose."

"You said you would probably never marry, and you said it so positively that I pretty well believed it."

Isabel was silent an instant.

"No one can be more surprised than myself at my present intention."

"You told me that if I heard you were engaged, I was not to believe it," Caspar went on. "I heard it twenty days ago from yourself, but I remembered what you had said. I thought there might be some mistake, and that is partly why I came."

"If you wish me to repeat it by word of mouth, that is soon done. There is no mistake at all."

"I saw that as soon as I came into the room."

"What good would it do you that I shouldn't marry?" Isabel asked, with a certain fierceness.

"I should like it better than this."

"You are very selfish, as I said before."

"I know that. I am selfish as iron."

"Even iron sometimes melts. If

you will be reasonable I will see you again."

"Don't you call me reasonable now?"

"I don't know what to say to you," she answered, with sudden humility.

"I sha'n't trouble you for a long time," the young man went on. He made a step towards the door, but he stopped. "Another reason why I came was that I wanted to hear what you would say in explanation of your having changed your mind."

Isabel's humbleness as suddenly deserted her.

"In explanation? Do you think I am bound to explain?"

Caspar gave her one of his long dumb looks.

"You were very positive. I did believe it."

"So did I. Do you think I could explain if I would?"

"No, I suppose not. Well," he added, "I have done what I wished. I have seen you."

"How little you make of these terrible journeys," Isabel murmured.

"If you are afraid I am tired, you may be at your ease about that." He turned away, this time in earnest, and no hand-shake, no sign of parting, was exchanged between them. At the door he stopped, with his hand on the knob. "I shall leave Florence to-morrow," he said.

"I am delighted to hear it!" she answered, passionately. And he went out. Five minutes after he had gone she burst into tears.

XXXII.

HER fit of weeping, however, was of brief duration, and the signs of it had vanished when, an hour later, she broke the news to her aunt. I use this expression because she had been sure Mrs. Touchett would not be pleased; Isabel had only waited to tell her till she had seen Mr. Goodwood. She had an odd impression that it would not be honourable to make the

fact public before she should have neared what Mr. Goodwood would say about it. He had said rather less than she expected, and she now had a somewhat angry sense of having lost time. But she would lose no more; she waited till Mrs. Touchett came into the drawing-room before the mid-day breakfast, and then she said to her—

"Aunt Lydia, I have something to tell you."

Mrs. Touchett gave a little jump and looked at the girl almost fiercely.

"You needn't tell me; I know what it is."

"I don't know how you know."

"The same way that I know when the window is open—by feeling a draught. You are going to marry that man."

"What man do you mean?" Isabel inquired, with great dignity.

"Madame Merle's friend—Mr. Osmond."

"I don't know why you call him Madame Merle's friend. Is that the principal thing he is known by?"

"If he is not her friend he ought to be—after what she has done for him!" cried Mrs. Touchett. "I shouldn't have expected it of her; I am disappointed."

"If you mean that Madame Merle has had anything to do with my engagement you are greatly mistaken," Isabel declared, with a sort of ardent coldness.

"You mean that your attractions were sufficient, without the gentleman being urged? You are quite right. They are immense, your attractions, and he would never have presumed to think of you if she had not put him up to it. He has a very good opinion of himself, but he was not a man to take trouble. Madame Merle took the trouble for him."

"He has taken a great deal for himself!" cried Isabel, with a voluntary laugh.

Mrs. Touchett gave a sharp nod.

"I think he must, after all, to have made you like him."

"I thought you liked him yourself."

"I did, and that is why I am angry with him."

"Be angry with me, not with him," said the girl.

"Oh, I am always angry with you; that's no satisfaction! Was it for this that you refused Lord Warburton?"

"Please don't go back to that. Why shouldn't I like Mr. Osmond, since you did?"

"I never wanted to marry him; there is nothing of him."

"Then he can't hurt me," said Isabel.

"Do you think you are going to be happy? No one is happy."

"I shall set the fashion then. What does one marry for?"

"What you will marry for, heaven only knows. People usually marry as they go into partnership—to set up a house. But in your partnership you will bring everything."

"Is it that Mr. Osmond is not rich? Is that what you are talking about?" Isabel asked.

"He has no money; he has no name; he has no importance. I value such things and I have the courage to say it; I think they are very precious. Many other people think the same, and they show it. But they give some other reason!"

Isabel hesitated a little.

"I think I value everything that is valuable. I care very much for money, and that is why I wish Mr. Osmond to have some."

"Give it to him, then; but marry some one else."

"His name is good enough for me," the girl went on. "It's a very pretty name. Have I such a fine one myself?"

"All the more reason you should improve on it. There are only a dozen American names. Do you marry him out of charity?"

"It was my duty to tell you, Aunt Lydia, but I don't think it is my duty to explain to you. Even if it were, I

shouldn't be able. So please don't remonstrate; in talking about it you have me at a disadvantage. I can't talk about it."

"I don't remonstrate, I simply answer you; I must give some sign of intelligence. I saw it coming, and I said nothing. I never meddle."

"You never do, and I am greatly obliged to you. You have been very considerate."

"It was not considerate—it was convenient," said Mrs. Touchett. "But I shall talk to Madame Merle."

"I don't see why you keep bringing her in. She has been a very good friend to me."

"Possibly; but she has been a poor one to me."

"What has she done to you?"

"She has deceived me. She had as good as promised me to prevent your engagement."

"She couldn't have prevented it."

"She can do anything; that is what I have always liked her for. I knew she could play any part; but I understood that she played them one by one. I didn't understand that she would play two at the same time."

"I don't know what part she may have played to you," Isabel said; "that is between yourselves. To me she has been honest, and kind, and devoted."

"Devoted, of course; she wished you to marry her candidate. She told me that she was watching you only in order to interpose."

"She said that to please you," the girl answered; conscious, however, of the inadequacy of the explanation.

"To please me by deceiving me? She knows me better. Am I pleased to-day?"

"I don't think you are ever much pleased," Isabel was obliged to reply. "If Madame Merle knew you would learn the truth, what had she to gain by insincerity?"

"She gained time, as you see. While I waited for her to interfere you were marching away, and she was really beating the drum."

"That is very well. But by your own admission you saw I was marching, and even if she had given the alarm you would not have tried to stop me."

"No, but some one else would."

"Whom do you mean?" Isabel asked, looking very hard at her aunt.

Mrs. Touchett's little bright eyes, active as they usually were, sustained her gaze rather than returned it.

"Would you have listened to Ralph?"

"Not if he had abused Mr. Osmond."

"Ralph doesn't abuse people; you know that perfectly. He cares very much for you."

"I know he does," said Isabel; "and I shall feel the value of it now, for he knows that whatever I do I do with reason."

"He never believed you would do this. I told him you were capable of it, and he argued the other way."

"He did it for the sake of argument," said Isabel smiling. "You don't accuse him of having deceived you; why should you accuse Madame Merle?"

"He never pretended he would prevent it."

"I am glad of that!" cried the girl, gaily. "I wish very much," she presently added, "that when he comes you would tell him first of my engagement."

"Of course I will mention it," said Mrs. Touchett. "I will say nothing more to you about it, but I give you notice I will talk to others."

"That's as you please. I only meant that it is rather better the announcement should come from you than from me."

"I quite agree with you; it is much more proper!"

And on this the two ladies went to breakfast, where Mrs. Touchett was as good as her word, and made no allusion to Gilbert Osmond. After an interval of silence, however, she asked her companion from whom she had received a visit an hour before.

"From an old friend—an American gentleman," Isabel said, with a colour in her cheek.

"An American, of course. It is only an American that calls at ten o'clock in the morning."

"It was half-past ten; he was in a great hurry; he goes away this evening."

"Couldn't he have come yesterday, at the usual time?"

"He only arrived last night."

"He spends but twenty-four hours in Florence?" Mrs. Touchett cried.

"He's an American truly."

"He is indeed," said Isabel, thinking with a perverse admiration of what Caspar Goodwood had done for her.

Two days afterward Ralph arrived; but though Isabel was sure that Mrs. Touchett had lost no time in telling him the news, he betrayed at first no knowledge of the great fact. Their first talk was naturally about his health; Isabel had many questions to ask about his Algerian winter. She had been shocked by his appearance when he came into the room; she had forgotten how ill he looked. In spite of his Algerian winter he looked very ill to-day, and Isabel wondered whether he were really worse or whether she were simply disaccustomed to living with an invalid. Poor Ralph grew no handsomer as he advanced in life, and the now apparently complete loss of his health had done little to mitigate the natural oddity of his person. His face wore its pleasant perpetual smile, which perhaps suggested wit rather than achieved it; his thin whisker languished upon a lean cheek; the exorbitant curve of his nose defined itself more sharply. Lean he was altogether; lean and long and loose-jointed; an accidental cohesion of relaxed angles. His brown velvet jacket had become perennial; his hands had fixed themselves in his pockets; he shambled and stumbled, he shuffled and strayed, in a manner that denoted great physical helplessness. It was perhaps this whimsical gait that helped to mark his character

more than ever as that of the humorous invalid—the invalid for whom even his own disabilities are part of the general joke. They might well indeed with Ralph have been the chief cause of the want of seriousness with which he appeared to regard a world in which the reason for his own presence was past finding out. Isabel had grown fond of his ugliness; his awkwardness had become dear to her. These things were endeared by association; they struck her as the conditions of his being so charming. Ralph was so charming that her sense of his being ill had hitherto had a sort of comfort in it; the state of his health had seemed not a limitation, but a kind of intellectual advantage; it absolved him from all professional and official emotions and left him the luxury of being simply personal. This personality of Ralph's was delightful; it had none of the staleness of disease; it was always easy and fresh and genial. Such had been the girl's impression of her cousin; and when she had pitied him it was only on reflection. As she reflected a good deal she had given him a certain amount of compassion; but Isabel always had a dread of wasting compassion—a precious article, worth more to the giver than to any one else. Now, however, it took no great ingenuity to discover that poor Ralph's tenure of life was less elastic than it should be. He was a dear, bright, generous fellow; he had all the illumination of wisdom and none of its pedantry, and yet he was dying. Isabel said to herself that life was certainly hard for some people, and she felt a delicate glow of shame as she thought how easy it now promised to become for herself. She was prepared to learn that Ralph was not pleased with her engagement; but she was not prepared, in spite of her affection for her cousin, to let this fact spoil the situation. She was not even prepared—or so she thought—to resent his want of sympathy; for it would be his privilege—it would be indeed

his natural line—to find fault with any step she might take toward marriage. One's cousin always pretended to hate one's husband; that was traditional, classical; it was a part of one's cousin's always pretending to adore one. Ralph was nothing if not critical; and though she would certainly, other things being equal, have been as glad to marry to please Ralph as to please any one, it would be absurd to think it important that her choice should square with his views. What were his views, 'after all? He had pretended to think she had better marry Lord Warburton; but this was only because she had refused that excellent man. If she had accepted him Ralph would certainly have taken another tone; he always took the opposite one. You could criticise any marriage; it was of the essence of a marriage to be open to criticism. How well she herself, if she would only give her mind to it, might criticise this business of her own! She had other employment, however, and Ralph was welcome to relieve her of the care. Isabel was prepared to be wonderfully good-humoured.

He must have seen that, and this made it the more odd that he should say nothing. After three days had elapsed without his speaking, Isabel became impatient; dislike it as he would, he might at least go through the form. We who know more about poor Ralph than his cousin, may easily believe that during the hours that followed his arrival at the Palazzo Crescentini, he had privately gone through many forms. His mother had literally greeted him with the great news, which was even more sensibly chilling than Mrs. Touchett's maternal kiss. Ralph was shocked and humiliated; his calculations had been false, and his cousin was lost. He drifted about the house like a rudderless vessel in a rocky stream, or sat in the garden of the palace in a great cane chair, with his long legs extended, his head thrown back, and his hat pulled over his eyes. He felt cold about the

heart; he had never liked anything less. What could he do, what could he say? If Isabel were irreclaimable, could he pretend to like it? To attempt to reclaim her was permissible only if the attempt should succeed. To try to persuade her that the man to whom she had pledged her faith was a humbug would be decently discreet only in the event of her being persuaded. Otherwise he should simply have damned himself. It cost him an equal effort to speak his thought and to dissemble; he could neither assent with sincerity nor protest with hope. Meanwhile he knew—or rather he supposed—that the affianced pair were daily renewing their mutual vows. Osmond, at this moment, showed himself little at the Palazzo Crescentini; but Isabel met him every day elsewhere, as she was free to do after their engagement had been made public. She had taken a carriage by the month, so as not to be indebted to her aunt for the means of pursuing a course of which Mrs. Touchett disapproved, and she drove in the morning to the Cascine. This suburban wilderness, during the early hours, was void of all intruders, and our young lady, joined by her lover in its quietest part, strolled with him a while in the grey Italian shade and listened to the nightingales.

XXXIII.

ONE morning, on her return from her drive, some half-hour before luncheon, she quitted her vehicle in the court of the palace, and instead of ascending the great staircase, crossed the court, passed beneath another archway and entered the garden. A sweeter spot, at this moment, could not have been imagined. The stillness of noontide hung over it; the warm shade was motionless, and the hot light made it pleasant. Ralph was sitting there in the clear gloom, at the base of a statue of Terpsichore—a dancing nymph with taper fingers and inflated draperies, in

the manner of Bernini; the extreme relaxation of his attitude suggested at first to Isabel that he was asleep. Her light footstep on the grass had not roused him, and before turning away she stood for a moment looking at him. During this instant he opened his eyes; upon which she sat down on a rustic chair that matched with his own. Though in her irritation she had accused him of indifference, she was not blind to the fact that he was visibly preoccupied. But she had attributed his long reveries partly to the languor of his increased weakness, partly to his being troubled about certain arrangements he had made as to the property inherited from his father—arrangements of which Mrs. Touchett disapproved, and which, as she had told Isabel, now encountered opposition from the other partners in the bank. He ought to have gone to England, his mother said, instead of coming to Florence; he had not been there for months, and he took no more interest in the bank than in the state of Patagonia.

"I am sorry I waked you," Isabel said; "you look tired."

"I feel tired. But I was not asleep. I was thinking of you."

"Are you tired of that?"

"Very much so. It leads to nothing. The road is long and I never arrive."

"What do you wish to arrive at?" Isabel said, drawing off a glove.

"At the point of expressing to myself properly what I think of your engagement."

"Don't think too much of it," said Isabel, lightly.

"Do you mean that it's none of my business?"

"Beyond a certain point, yes."

"That's the point I wish to fix. I had an idea that you have found me wanting in good manners; I have never congratulated you."

"Of course I have noticed that; I wondered why you were silent."

"There have been a good many reasons; I will tell you now," said Ralph.

He pulled off his hat and laid it on the ground; then he sat looking at her. He leaned back, with his head against the marble pedestal of Terpsichore, his arms dropped on either side of him, his hands laid upon the sides of his wide chair. He looked awkward, uncomfortable; he hesitated for a long time. Isabel said nothing; when people were embarrassed she was usually sorry for them; but she was determined not to help Ralph to utter a word that should not be to the honour of her excellent purpose.

"I think I have hardly got over my surprise," he said, at last. "You were the last person I expected to see caught."

"I don't know why you call it caught."

"Because you are going to be put into a cage."

"If I like my cage, that needn't trouble you," said Isabel.

"That's what I wonder at; that's what I have been thinking of."

"If you have been thinking, you may imagine how I have thought! I am satisfied that I am doing well."

"You must have changed immensely. A year ago you valued your liberty beyond everything. You wanted only to see life."

"I have seen it," said Isabel. "It doesn't seem to me so charming."

"I don't pretend it is; only I had an idea that you took a genial view of it and wanted to survey the whole field."

"I have seen that one can't do that. One must choose a corner and cultivate that."

"That's what I think. And one must choose a good corner. I had no idea, all winter, while I read your delightful letters, that you were choosing. You said nothing about it, and your silence put me off my guard."

"It was not a matter I was likely to write to you about. Besides, I knew nothing of the future. It has all come lately. If you had been on your guard, however," Isabel asked, "what would you have done?"

"I should have said — 'Wait a little longer.'"

"Wait for what?"

"Well, for a little more light," said Ralph, with a rather absurd smile, while his hands found their way into his pockets.

"Where should my light have come from? From you?"

"I might have struck a spark or two!"

Isabel had drawn off her other glove; she smoothed the two out as they lay upon her knee. The gentleness of this movement was accidental, for her expression was not conciliatory.

"You are beating about the bush, Ralph. You wish to say that you don't like Mr. Osmond, and yet you are afraid."

"I am afraid of you, not of him. If you marry him it won't be a nice thing to have said."

"If I marry him! Have you had any expectation of dissuading me?"

"Of course that seems to you too fatuous."

"No," said Isabel, after a little; "it seems to me touching."

"That's the same thing. It makes me so ridiculous that you pity me."

Isabel stroked out her long gloves again.

"I know you have a great affection for me. I can't get rid of that."

"For heaven's sake don't try. Keep that well in sight. It will convince you how intensely I want you to do well."

"And how little you trust me!"

There was a moment's silence; the warm noon-tide seemed to listen.

"I trust you, but I don't trust him," said Ralph.

Isabel raised her eyes and gave him a wide, deep look.

"You have said it now; you will suffer for it."

"Not if you are just."

"I am very just," said Isabel.

"What better proof of it can there be than that I am not angry with you? I don't know what is the matter with

me, but I am not. I was when you began, but it has passed away. Perhaps I ought to be angry, but Mr. Osmond wouldn't think so. He wants me to know everything; that's what I like him for. You have nothing to gain, I know that. I have never been so nice to you, as a girl, that you should have much reason for wishing me to remain one. You give very good advice; you have often done so. No, I am very quiet; I have always believed in your wisdom," Isabel went on, boasting of her quietness, yet speaking with a kind of contained exaltation. It was her passionate desire to be just; it touched Ralph to the heart, affected him like a caress from a creature he had injured. He wished to interrupt, to reassure her; for a moment he was absurdly inconsistent; he would have retracted what he had said. But she gave him no chance; she went on, having caught a glimpse, as she thought, of the heroic line, and desiring to advance in that direction. "I see you have got some idea; I should like very much to hear it. I am sure it's disinterested; I feel that. It seems a strange thing to argue about, and of course I ought to tell you definitely that if you expect to dissuade me you may give it up. You will not move me at all; it is too late. As you say, I am caught. Certainly it won't be pleasant for you to remember this, but your pain will be in your own thoughts. I shall never reproach you."

"I don't think you ever will," said Ralph. "It is not in the least the sort of marriage I thought you would make."

"What sort of marriage was that, pray?"

"Well, I can hardly say. I hadn't exactly a positive view of it, but I had a negative. I didn't think you would marry a man like Mr. Osmond."

"What do you know against him? You know him scarcely at all."

"Yes," Ralph said, "I know him very little, and I know nothing against him. But all the same I can't help

feeling that you are running a risk."

"Marriage is always a risk, and his risk is as great as mine."

"That's his affair! If he is afraid, let him recede; I wish he would."

Isabel leaned back in her chair, folded her arms, and gazed a while at her cousin.

"I don't think I understand you," she said at last, coldly. "I don't know what you are talking about."

"I thought you would marry a man of more importance."

Cold, I say, her tone had been, but at this a colour like a flame leaped into her face.

"Of more importance to whom? It seems to me enough that one's husband should be important to one's self!"

Ralph blushed as well; his attitude embarrassed him. Physically speaking, he proceeded to change it; he straightened himself, then leaned forward, resting a hand on each knee. He fixed his eyes on the ground; he had an air of the most respectful deliberation.

"I will tell you in a moment what I mean," he presently said. He felt agitated, intensely eager; now that he had opened the discussion he wished to discharge his mind. But he wished also to be superlatively gentle.

Isabel waited a little, and then she went on, with majesty.

"In everything that makes real distinction Mr. Osmond is pre-eminent. There may be nobler natures, but I have never had the pleasure of meeting one. Mr. Osmond is the best I know; he is important enough for me."

"I had a sort of vision of your future," Ralph said, without answering this—"I amused myself with planning out a kind of destiny for you. There was to be nothing of this sort in it. You were not to come down so easily, so soon."

"To come down? What strange expressions you use! Is that your description of my marriage?"

"It expresses my idea of it. You seemed to me to be soaring far up in

the blue—to be sailing in the bright light, over the heads of men. Suddenly some one tosses up a stone—a missile that should never have reached you—and down you drop to the ground. It hurts me," said Ralph, audaciously, "as if I had fallen myself!"

The look of pain and bewilderment deepened in his companion's face.

"I don't understand you in the least," she repeated. "You say you amused yourself with planning out my future—I don't understand that. Don't amuse yourself too much, or I shall think you are doing it at my expense."

Ralph shook his head.

"I am not afraid of your not believing that I have had great ideas for you."

"What do you mean by my soaring and sailing?" the girl asked. "I have never moved on a higher line than I am moving on now. There is nothing higher for a girl than to marry a—a person she likes," said poor Isabel, wandering into the didactic.

"It's your liking the person we speak of that I venture to criticise, my dear Isabel! I should have said that the man for you would have been a more active, larger, freer sort of nature." Ralph hesitated a moment, then he added, "I can't get over the belief that there's something small in Osmond."

He had uttered these last words with a tremor of the voice; he was afraid that she would flash out again. But to his surprise he was quiet; she had the air of considering.

"Something small?" she said reflectively.

"I think he's narrow, selfish. He takes himself so seriously!"

"He has a great respect for himself; I don't blame him for that," said Isabel. "It's the proper way to respect others."

Ralph for a moment felt almost reassured by her reasonable tone.

"Yes, but everything is relative; one ought to feel one's relations. I don't think Mr. Osmond does that."

"I have chiefly to do with the relation in which he stands to me. In that he is excellent."

"He is the incarnation of taste," Ralph went on, thinking hard how he could best express Gilbert Osmond's sinister attributes without putting himself in the wrong by seeming to describe him coarsely. He wished to describe him impersonally, scientifically. "He judges and measures, approves and condemns, altogether by that."

"It is a happy thing then that his taste should be exquisite."

"It is exquisite indeed, since it has led him to select you as his wife. But have you ever seen an exquisite taste ruffled?"

"I hope it may never be my fortune to fail to gratify my husband's."

At these words a sudden passion leaped to Ralph's lips. "Ah, that's wilful, that's unworthy of you!" he cried. "You were not meant to be measured in that way—you were meant for something better than to keep guard over the sensibilities of a sterile dilettante!"

Isabel rose quickly and Ralph did the same, so that they stood for a moment looking at each other as if he had flung down a defiance or an insult.

"You go too far," she murmured.

"I have said what I had on my mind—and I have said it because I love you!"

Isabel turned pale: was he too on that tiresome list? She had a sudden wish to strike him off. "Ah then, you are not disinterested!"

"I love you, but I love without hope," said Ralph, quickly, forcing a smile, and feeling that in that last declaration he had expressed more than he intended.

Isabel moved away and stood looking into the sunny stillness of the garden; but after a little she turned back to him. "I am afraid your talk, then, is the wildness of despair. I don't understand it—but it doesn't matter. I am not arguing with you; it is impossible that I should; I have

only tried to listen to you. I am much obliged to you for attempting to explain," she said gently, as if the anger with which she had just sprung up had already subsided. "It is very good of you to try to warn me, if you are really alarmed. But I won't promise to think of what you have said; I shall forget it as soon as possible. Try and forget it yourself; you have done your duty, and no man can do more. I can't explain to you what I feel, what I believe, and I wouldn't if I could." She paused a moment, and then she went on, with an inconsequence that Ralph observed even in the midst of his eagerness to discover some symptom of concession. "I can't enter into your idea of Mr. Osmond; I can't do it justice, because I see him in quite another way. He is not important—no, he is not important; he is a man to whom importance is supremely indifferent. If that is what you mean when you call him 'small,' then he is as small as you please. I call that large—it's the largest thing I know. I won't pretend to argue with you about a person I am going to marry," Isabel repeated. "I am not in the least concerned to defend Mr. Osmond; he is not so weak as to need my defence. I should think it would seem strange, even to yourself, that I should talk of him so quietly and coldly, as if he were any one else. I would not talk of him at all, to any one but you; and you, after what you have said—I may just answer you once for all. Pray, would you wish me to make a mercenary marriage—what they call a marriage of ambition? I have only one ambition—to be free to follow out a good feeling. I had others once; but they have passed away. Do you complain of Mr. Osmond because he is not rich? That is just what I like him for. I have fortunately money enough; I have never felt so thankful for it as to-day. There have been moments when I should like to go and kneel down by your father's grave; he did perhaps a better thing than he knew

when he put it into my power to marry a poor man—a man who has borne his poverty with such dignity, with such indifference. Mr. Osmond has never scrambled nor struggled—he has cared for no worldly prize. If that is to be narrow, if that is to be selfish, then it's very well. I am not frightened by such words, I am not even displeased; I am only sorry that you should make a mistake. Others might have done so, but I am surprised that you should. You might know a gentleman when you see one—you might know a fine mind. Mr. Osmond makes no mistakes! He knows everything, he understands everything, he has the kindest, gentlest, highest spirit. You have got hold of some false idea; it's a pity, but I can't help it; it regards you more than me." Isabel paused a moment, looking at her cousin with an eye illuminated by a sentiment which contradicted the careful calmness of her manner—a mingled sentiment, to which the angry pain excited by his words and the wounded pride of having needed to justify a choice of which she felt only the nobleness and purity, equally contributed. Though she paused, Ralph said nothing; he saw she had more to say. She was superb, but she was eager; she was indifferent, but she was secretly trembling. "What sort of a person should you have liked me to marry?" she asked, suddenly. "You talk about one's soaring and sailing, but if one marries at all one touches the earth. One has human feelings and needs, one has a heart in one's bosom, and one must marry a particular individual. Your mother has never forgiven me for not having come to a better understanding with Lord Warburton, and she is horrified at my contenting myself with a person who has none of Lord Warburton's great advantages—no property, no title, no honours, no houses, nor lands, nor position, nor reputation, nor brilliant belongings of any sort. It is the total absence of all these things that

pleases me. Mr. Osmond is simply a man—he is not a proprietor!"

Ralph had listened with great attention, as if everything she said merited deep consideration; but in reality he was only half thinking of the things she said, he was for the rest simply accommodating himself to the weight of his total impression—the impression of her passionate good faith. She was wrong, but she believed; she was deluded, but she was consistent. It was wonderfully characteristic of her that she had invented a fine theory about Gilbert Osmond, and loved him, not for what he really possessed, but for his very poverties dressed out as honours. Ralph remembered what he had said to his father about wishing to put it into Isabel's power to gratify her imagination. He had done so, and the girl had taken full advantage of the privilege. Poor Ralph felt sick; he felt ashamed. Isabel had uttered her last words with a low solemnity of conviction which virtually terminated the discussion, and she closed it formally by turning away and walking back to the house. Ralph walked beside her, and they passed into the court together and reached the big staircase. Here Ralph stopped, and Isabel paused, turning on him a face full of a deep elation at his opposition having made her own conception of her conduct more clear to her.

"Shall you not come up to breakfast?" she asked.

"No; I want no breakfast, I am not hungry."

"You ought to eat," said the girl; "you live on air."

"I do, very much, and I shall go back into the garden and take another mouthful of it. I came thus far simply to say this. I said to you last year that if you were to get into trouble I should feel terribly sold. That's how I feel to-day."

"Do you think I am in trouble?"

"One is in trouble when one is in error."

"Very well," said Isabel; "I shall

never complain of my trouble to you!" And she moved up the staircase.

Ralph, standing there with his hands in his pockets, followed her with his eyes; then the lurking chill of the high-walled court struck him and made him shiver, so that he returned to the garden, to breakfast on the Florentine sunshine.

XXXIV.

ISABEL, when she strolled in the Cascine with her lover, felt no impulse to tell him that he was not thought well of at the Palazzo Crescentini. The discreet opposition offered to her marriage by her aunt and her cousin made on the whole little impression upon her; the moral of it was simply that they disliked Gilbert Osmond. This dislike was not alarming to Isabel; she scarcely even regretted it; for it served mainly to throw into higher relief the fact, in every way so honourable, that she married to please herself. One did other things to please other people; one did this for a more personal satisfaction; and Isabel's satisfaction was assured by her lover's admirable good conduct. Gilbert Osmond was in love, and he had never deserved less than during these still, bright days, each of them numbered, which preceded the fulfilment of his hopes, the harsh criticism passed upon him by Ralph Touchett. The chief impression produced upon Isabel's mind by this criticism was that the passion of love separated its victim terribly from every one but the loved object. She felt herself disjoined from every one she had ever known before—from her two sisters, who wrote to express a dutiful hope that she would be happy, and a surprise, somewhat more vague, at her not having chosen a consort of whom a richer portrait could be painted; from Henrietta, who, she was sure, would come out, too late, on purpose to remonstrate; from Lord Warburton, who would certainly console himself, and from Caspar Good-

wood, who perhaps would not; from her aunt, who had cold, shallow ideas about marriage, for which she was not sorry to manifest her contempt; and from Ralph, whose talk about having great views for her was surely but a whimsical cover for a personal disappointment. Ralph apparently wished her not to marry at all—that was what it really meant—because he was amused with the spectacle of her adventures as a single woman. His disappointment made him say angry things about the man she had preferred even to him: Isabel flattered herself that she believed Ralph had been angry. It was the more easy for her to believe this, because, as I say, she thought on the whole but little about it, and accepted as an incident of her lot the idea that to prefer Gilbert Osmond as she preferred him was perforce to break all other ties. She tasted of the sweets of this preference, and they made her feel that there was after all something very invidious in being in love; much as the sentiment was theoretically approved of. It was the tragical side of happiness; one's right was always made of the wrong of some one else. Gilbert Osmond was not demonstrative; the consciousness of success, which must now have flamed high within him, emitted very little smoke for so brilliant a blaze. Contentment, on his part, never took a vulgar form; excitement, in the most self-conscious of men, was a kind of ecstasy of self-control. This disposition, however, made him an admirable lover; it gave him a constant view of the amorous character. He never forgot himself, as I say; and so he never forgot to be graceful and tender, to wear the appearance of devoted intention. He was immensely pleased with his young lady; Madame Merle had made him a present of incalculable value. What could be a finer thing to live with than a high spirit attuned to softness? For would not the softness be all for one's self, and the strenuousness for society, which admired the air of

superiority? What could be a happier gift in a companion than a quick, fanciful mind, which saved one repetitions, and reflected one's thought upon a scintillating surface? Osmond disliked to see his thought reproduced literally—that made it look stale and stupid; he preferred it to be brightened in the reproduction. His egotism, if egotism it was, had never taken the crude form of wishing for a dull wife; this lady's intelligence was to be a silver plate, not an earthen one—a plate that he might heap up with ripe fruits, to which it would give a decorative value, so that conversation might become a sort of perpetual dessert. He found the silvery quality in perfection in Isabel; he could tap her imagination with his knuckle and make it ring. He knew perfectly, though he had not been told, that the union found little favour among the girl's relations; but he had always treated her so completely as an independent person that it hardly seemed necessary to express regret for the attitude of her family. Nevertheless, one morning, he made an abrupt allusion to it.

"It's the difference in our fortune they don't like," he said. "They think I am in love with my money."

"Are you speaking of my aunt—of my cousin?" Isabel asked. "How do you know what they think?"

"You have not told me that they are pleased, and when I wrote to Mrs. Touchett the other day she never answered my note. If they had been delighted I should have learnt it, and the fact of my being poor and you rich is the most obvious explanation of their want of delight. But, of course, when a poor man marries a rich girl he must be prepared for imputations. I don't mind them; I only care for one thing—your thinking it's all right. I don't care what others think. I have never cared much, and why should I begin to-day, when I have taken to myself a compensation for everything? I won't pretend that I am sorry you are rich;

I am delighted. I delight in everything that is yours—whether it be money or virtue. Money is a great advantage. It seems to me, however, that I have sufficiently proved that I can get on without it; I never in my life tried to earn a penny, and I ought to be less subject to suspicion than most people. I suppose it is their business to suspect—that of your own family; it's proper on the whole they should. They will like me better some day; so will you, for that matter. Meanwhile my business is not to bother, but simply to be thankful for life and love. It has made me better, loving you," he said on another occasion; "it has made me wiser, and easier, and brighter. I used to want a great many things before, and to be angry that I didn't have them. Theoretically, I was satisfied, as I once told you. I flattered myself that I had limited my wants. But I was subject to irritation; I used to have morbid, sterile, hateful fits of hunger, of desire. Now I am really satisfied, because I can't think of anything better. It is just as when one has been trying to spell out a book in the twilight, and suddenly the lamp comes in. I had been putting out my eyes over the book of life, and finding nothing to reward me for my pains; but now that I can read it properly I see that it's a delightful story. My dear girl, I can't tell you how life seems to stretch there before us—what a long summer afternoon awaits us. It's the latter half of an Italian day—with a golden haze, and the shadows just lengthening, and that divine delicacy in the light, the air, the landscape, which I have loved all my life, and which you love to-day. Upon my word, I don't see why we shouldn't get on. We have got what we like—to say nothing of having each other. We have the faculty of admiration, and several excellent beliefs. We are not stupid, we are not heavy, we are not under bonds to any dull limitations. You are very fresh, and I am well seasoned. We

have got my poor child to amuse us ; we will try and make up some little life for her. It is all soft and mellow—it has the Italian colouring.”

They made a good many plans, but they left themselves also a good deal of latitude ; it was a matter of course, however, that they should live for the present in Italy. It was in Italy that they had met, Italy had been a party to their first impressions of each other, and Italy should be a party to their happiness. Osmond had the attachment of old acquaintance, and Isabel the stimulus of new, which seemed to assure her a future of beautiful hours. The desire for unlimited expansion had been succeeded in her mind by the sense that life was vacant without some private duty which gathered one's energies to a point. She told Ralph that she had “seen life” in a year or two and that she was already tired, not of life, but of observation. What had become of all her ardours, her aspirations, her theories, her high estimate of her independence, and her incipient conviction that she should never marry ? These things had been absorbed in a more primitive sentiment—the joy of Gilbert Osmond's being dear to her, the bliss of being dear to him. This feeling answered all questions, satisfied all needs, solved all difficulties. It simplified the future at a stroke, it came down from above, like the light of the stars, and it needed no explanation. There was explanation enough in the fact that he was her lover, her own, and that she was able to be of use to him. She could marry him with a kind of pride ; she was not only taking, but giving.

He brought Pansy with him two or three times to the Cascine—Pansy who was very little taller than a year before, and not much older. That she would always be a child was the conviction expressed by her father, who held her by the hand when she was in her sixteenth year, and told her to go and play while he sat down a while with the pretty lady. Pansy wore a short dress and a long coat ; her hat

always seemed too big for her. She amused herself with walking off, with quick, short steps, to the end of the alley, and then walking back with a smile that seemed an appeal for approbation. Isabel gave her approbation in abundance, and it was of that demonstrated personal kind which the child's affectionate nature craved. She watched her development with a kind of amused suspense ; Pansy had already become a little daughter. She was treated so completely as a child that Osmond had not yet explained to her the new relation in which he stood to the elegant Miss Archer. “She doesn't know,” he said to Isabel ; “she doesn't suspect ; she thinks it perfectly natural that you and I should come and walk here together, simply as good friends. There seems to me something enchantingly innocent in that ; it's the way I like her to be. No, I am not a failure, as I used to think ; I have succeeded in two things. I am to marry the woman I adore, and I have brought up my child as I wished, in the old way.”

He was very fond, in all things, of the “old way ;” that had struck Isabel as an element in the picturesqueness of his character.

“It seems to me you will not know whether you have succeeded until you have told her,” she said. “You must see how she takes your news. She may be horrified—she may be jealous.”

“I am not afraid of that ; she is too fond of you on her own account. I should like to leave her in the dark a little longer—to see if it will come into her head that if we are not engaged we ought to be.”

Isabel was impressed by Osmond's æsthetic relish of Pansy's innocence—her own appreciation of it being more moral. She was perhaps not the less pleased when he told her a few days later that he had broken the news to his daughter, who made such a pretty little speech. “Oh, then I shall have a sister !” She was neither surprised nor alarmed ; she had not cried, as he expected.

"Perhaps she had guessed it," said Isabel.

"Don't say that; I should be disgusted if I believed that. I thought it would be just a little shock; but the way she took it proves that her good manners are paramount. That is also what I wished. You shall see for yourself; to-morrow she shall make you her congratulations in person."

The meeting, on the morrow, took place at the Countess Gemini's, whither Pansy had been conducted by her father, who knew that Isabel was to come in the afternoon to return a visit made her by the Countess on learning that they were to become sisters-in-law. Calling at Casa Touchett, the visitor had not found Isabel at home; but after our young lady had been ushered into the Countess's drawing room, Pansy came in to say that her aunt would presently appear. Pansy was spending the day with her aunt, who thought she was of an age when she should begin to learn how to carry herself in company. It was Isabel's view that the little girl might have given lessons in deportment to the elder lady, and nothing could have justified this conviction more than the manner in which Pansy acquitted herself while they waited together for the Countess. Her father's decision, the year before, had finally been to send her back to the convent to receive the last graces, and Madame Catherine had evidently carried out her theory that Pansy was to be fitted for the great world.

"Papa has told me that you have kindly consented to marry him," said the good woman's pupil. "It is very delightful; I think you will suit very well."

"You think I will suit you?"

"You will suit me beautifully; but what I mean is that you and papa will suit each other. You are both so quiet and so serious. You are not so quiet as he—or even as Madame Merle; but you are more quiet than many others. He should not, for instance, have a wife like my aunt.

She is always moving; to-day especially; you will see when she comes in. They told us at the convent it was wrong to judge our elders, but I suppose there is no harm if we judge them favourably. You will be a delightful companion for papa."

"For you too, I hope," Isabel said.

"I speak first of him on purpose. I have told you already what I myself think of you; I liked you from the first. I admire you so much that I think it will be a great good fortune to have you always before me. You will be my model; I shall try to imitate you—though I am afraid it will be very feeble. I am very glad for papa—he needed something more than me. Without you, I don't see how he could have got it. You will be my stepmother; but we must not use that word. You don't look at all like the word; it is somehow so ugly. They are always said to be cruel; but I think you will never be cruel. I am not afraid."

"My good little Pansy," said Isabel, gently, "I shall be very kind to you."

"Very well then; I have nothing to fear," the child declared, lightly.

Her description of her aunt had not been incorrect; the Countess Gemini was less than ever in a state of repose. She entered the room with a great deal of expression, and kissed Isabel, first on her lips and then on each cheek, in the short, quick manner of a bird drinking. She made Isabel sit down on the sofa beside her, and looking at our heroine with a variety of turns of the head, delivered herself of a hundred remarks, from which I offer the reader but a brief selection.

"If you expect me to congratulate you, I must beg you to excuse me. I don't suppose you care whether I do or not; I believe you are very proud. But I care myself whether I tell fibs or not; I never tell them unless there is something to be gained. I don't see what there is to be gained with you—especially as you would not believe me. I don't make phrases—I never made a phrase in my life. My

fibers are always very crude. I am very glad, for my own sake, that you are going to marry Osmond; but I won't pretend I am glad for yours. You are very remarkable—you know that's what people call you; you are an heiress, and very good-looking and clever, very original; so it's a good thing to have you in the family. Our family is very good, you know; Osmond will have told you that; and my mother was rather distinguished—she was called the American Corinne. But we are rather fallen, I think, and perhaps you will pick us up. I have great confidence in you; there are ever so many things I want to talk to you about. I never congratulate any girl on marrying; I think it's the worst thing she can do. I suppose Pansy oughtn't to hear all this; but that's what she has come to me for—to acquire the tone of society. There is no harm in her knowing that it isn't such a blessing to get married. When first I got an idea that my brother had designs upon you, I thought of writing to you, to recommend you, in

the strongest terms, not to listen to him. Then I thought it would be disloyal, and I hate anything of that kind. Besides, as I say, I was enchanted, for myself; and after all, I am very selfish. By the way, you won't respect me, and we shall never be intimate. I should like it, but you won't. Some day, all the same, we shall be better friends than you will believe at first. My husband will come and see you, though, as you probably know, he is on no sort of terms with Osmond. He is very fond of going to see pretty women, but I am not afraid of you. In the first place, I don't care what he does. In the second, you won't care a straw for him; you will take his measure at a glance. Some day I will tell you all about him. Do you think my niece ought to go out of the room? Pansy, go and practise a little in my boudoir."

"Let her stay, please," said Isabel. "I would rather hear nothing that Pansy may not!"

HENRY JAMES, JR.

(To be continued.)

MEMORY'S SONG.

"Causa fuit Pater his." — HOR.

THE earth cast off her snowy shrouds,
And overhead the skies
Looked down between the soft white clouds,
As blue as children's eyes :—
The breath of Spring was all too sweet, she said,
Too like the Spring that came ere he was dead.

The grass began to grow that day,
The flowers awoke from sleep,
And round her did the sunbeams play
Till she was fain to weep.
The light will surely blind my eyes, she said,
It shines so brightly still, yet he is dead.

The buds grew glossy in the sun
On many a leafless tree,
The little brooks did laugh and run
With most melodious glee.
O God ! they make a jocund noise, she said,
All things forget him now that he is dead.

The wind had from the almond flung
Red blossoms round her feet,
On hazel-boughs the catkins hung,
The willow blooms grew sweet—
Palm willows, fragrant with the Spring, she said,
He always found the first ;—but he is dead.

Right golden was the crocus flame,
And, touched with purest green,
The small white flower of stainless name
Above the ground was seen.
He used to love the white and gold, she said ;
The snowdrops come again, and he is dead.

I would not wish him back, she cried,
In this dark world of pain.
For him the joys of life abide,
For me its griefs remain.
I would not wish him back again, she said,
But Spring is hard to bear now he is dead.

A. M.

OLD MYTHOLOGY IN MODERN POETRY.

Those who are inclined to despair of art (which is here taken to include poetry) have sometimes pointed out that the greatest imaginative works are religious. By this is meant not that these works were necessarily composed with a directly religious purpose, but that they sprang up in an atmosphere of faith; that the artists frankly accepted the ideas which expressed that faith; and that their buildings, sculptures, paintings, or poems, if not representations of those ideas, stand, at any rate, in a vital connection with them. Many of those ideas we have come to regard as mythological; whether wholly so, as in the case of Greek sculpture and poetry; or only in part, as in that of Italian painting and the poems of Dante and Milton. They are, therefore, no longer matters of belief to us, but they were so to the old artists and poets. Hence we draw the inference that the greatest art depends, as a rule, upon the prevalence of a mythology which is accepted by the artist as religious truth. But there is no such living mythology now which the best minds can accept as religious truth; and we are unable to conceive how our civilisation, if it pursues its present course, is ever again to produce one. And so our poetry seems doomed either to seek its subjects in the everyday "profane" world, which has never yet yielded it the highest material; or else, if it persist in the attempt to embody religious ideas, it must indulge itself in a conscious illusion, and produce works which will not satisfy either the love of beauty or the love of truth. Under these circumstances, the arts may continue to be adornments of life and channels of harmless pleasure, but they will never again feel within them the energy which comes of a union of our highest beliefs with the

sense of beauty, and which produced the masterpieces of more fortunate times. The poorness of most modern religious pictures, and the devotion of many of our painters to portrait and landscape, may be cited as witnesses to this point of view. Architecture, though it represents no definite ideas, does not thrive in the air of modern religion. The only art which has reached its zenith since the supposed ages of faith, is one which expresses not beliefs, but (if anything) those vague emotions which make no assertions and therefore cannot be denied.

I will not attempt in the present essay to separate the truth and falsehood mingled in this view. To say nothing of the compensating advantages it neglects, we should have to ask, first of all, whether it really applies to poetry at all. Was not Shakespeare the greatest of poets, and Goethe among the greatest? and what mythology taken for fact was the life-blood of their creations? Again, can the fact that music—which is after all an art, and not a mass of interjections—reached its highest point in a "godless" century, be explained by its independence of definite ideas—an independence scarcely greater than that of architecture, and enjoyed or suffered in various degrees by the other arts? Further, to come nearer the root of the matter, are we sure that Æschylus and Phidias "believed" in the literal truth of the mythology they used? or, conversely, that we could adequately express, in the terms of Catholic mythology, the ideas which Michael Angelo or Raphael embodied? And again, if art is really so dependent on religious belief, how does it happen that men completely estranged from the orthodox

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creed admire the Madonna di San Sisto with a whole heart; and that those who believe neither in heaven, hell, nor purgatory, find the *Divine Comedy* as great a poem as those who believe in all three? It may be retorted that it is one thing to appreciate a work of art, and another to produce it; that our doubts concern production, and production only; and that these works were produced by men whose imagination and faith were at one. But, admitting that this union is necessary, a wider question would still remain. Is it not the case that every day, without knowing it, we are making new mythological modes of thought and speech? Is not the popularisation of that science which is the most active dissolvent of old mythology, itself thoroughly mythological? And can we suppose that the general view which civilised men will come to hold, will be purely scientific, and will not gradually express itself in some symbolic body of ideas—ideas which may then stir the minds of men, and therefore of poets, with a power not less direct and productive than of old—ideas which scarcely any one would call religious now, but which will be religious then? Indications of such a possible future are not wanting, but this is not the place to discuss them. One thing is clear, that any progress of religion which expressed the best tendencies of modern culture would radically change the nature of the antithesis of sacred and profane; would be able to include in the sphere of the former much that is now supposed to lie beyond it; and would tend to find in nature, in social life and in national history constant manifestations of that divineness which, in the orthodox belief, was shown rather in the violation of natural laws, in the tradition of a church or the statements of a book, and in a few events out of the whole history of the world. With any such change the range of the religious imagination would be greatly widened, and a mythology might arise which poets and artists could use without constant

misgivings as to its truth. For we should recollect that it is not natural to men to be always asking after the truth of their habitual ideas, and that some of our doubts about the future come from our supposing it to be afflicted by the passing troubles of our own day. The time may come when even educated people will work, enjoy, and worship in peace; when every man, however busy, and however ill instructed he may be, will not think it necessary to have a private religion or philosophy of his own, but the pursuit of new truths will be left to the very small minority who can do some good by it; when we shall not be questioned over our soup about the immortality of the soul, but we shall look at the monkeys in the Zoological Gardens without fear or favour, and never dream of drawing from our relationship to them excited inferences as to our relationship to God.

But this is the dream of a future perhaps far distant. And even if it were soon realised in a small section of society, the conditions which seem necessary to religious art would remain unsatisfied. Religious art, and indeed any art of the greatest kind, seems to rest on popular foundations; the general spirit of Shakespeare's plays is the spirit of the England of his day, not of a heretical or advanced section; and it is probable that such a revival of art as we have been contemplating presupposes a change in religious ideas going deep into the heart of the nation, and therefore requiring for its completion a time which it would be idle to calculate. Leaving, therefore, the development of the questions here indicated for some other opportunity, I wish now to suggest a less ambitious hope. I put aside the assertion that all great art requires a mythology believed to be fact, and the possible retort that art needs no mythology at all; I shall try to point out that at any rate good poetry, if not the best, can be written in connection with a mythology known *not* to be fact; that a surprisingly large quantity of such

poetry has been produced in modern times; and that our own day, both in its advantages and defects, is peculiarly favourable to such poetry, because our knowledge of mythology is being rapidly and largely increased, and because the use of the greater part of this material involves no collision with other interests. Lastly, I will venture to suggest that, by the extension of this poetical attitude to *all* mythical material, it may be possible to retain something of the value of religious ideas which are no longer recognised as scientifically true. I shall confine myself to poetry, and to the poetry of the last hundred years, although there are other arts not less interested in the subject; and I shall try to illustrate the ways in which mythology has been successfully used, and to point out some of the conditions necessary to success.

In its origin a myth is the natural, though symbolic, expression of something—we may call it indifferently an emotion or an idea—which is vividly interesting; and it is the essence of living mythological language that it should be thus natural to those who use it, whether it represents to us a feeling (e.g. "it went to my heart"), or whether a whole system of thoughts is implied in it, as for instance when we say that the succession of events is "guided" or "governed" by laws of nature. And this naturalness is required in poetry even more than in other forms of speech, so that any difficulty in adopting the words of a poet is, for the time being, fatal to our enjoyment of them. This fact would seem a serious obstacle to the use of any past mythology. For here we have something created by men who lived in a different civilisation from our own, and had different ideas from ours, and who found these stories and legends the obvious imaginative vehicle of their experience. These legends are therefore not the form into which we should spontaneously cast our own ideas; and if we are to make use of them in poetry—other uses of them do

not concern us here—the problem is so to reshape the material they give us, that it may express ideas, feelings, experiences interesting to *us*, in a form natural and poetically attractive to *us*. There will always remain a large mass of mythology which cannot be made use of in this way; some of it has been practically "used up" by ancient poets;¹ some of it is intrinsically insignificant; some of it has a real meaning and interest, but it has taken a shape so intricate or so dependent on national or local peculiarities, that it never can be made to appeal to us directly. But there remains in certain mythologies, and probably in all, a good deal which has not been already versified, and which is really as interesting to us as it was to those who believed in the legends which embody it; and such legends can be used in modern poetry. In the poet's mind the story is gradually, and perhaps unconsciously, transformed until it expresses by external changes the changed shape which the original meaning has assumed for him. These changes may be small or great, and they have their limits. But in *all* cases there is really *some* change, although the myth is, as we say, the same; and I think it will be found that the first requisite for the poetic treatment of an old myth is that it should be used as mere material, and handled with perfect freedom. Adherence to it, which is sometimes called adherence to truth, is neither a merit nor a defect. The sole object and the sole criterion is the poetic success of the new work, and that sets the only valid limit to change; since a departure from the old form, of such a kind that we are constantly aware of incongruities between the new and old, is tantamount to poetic failure.

Poetic failure may be produced in another way, and may be accompanied by strict fidelity to the outward form

¹ Still even in this case certain *aspects* of the myth may become the basis of a successful modern work. Mr. Tennyson's *Ulysses* is an instance.

of the material. Instead of allowing the myth to develop in imagination until it has assumed the meaning and shape natural to the modern poet, he may introduce into it ready-made modern ideas, and force it to express them. And it will be able to express them only through a highly symbolical or even allegorical treatment. In this case only half the problem is solved, and the half by itself is worth little. The idea has an interest for us, but its expression is not the natural expression. Matters may be even worse. We may feel that its expression is the form appropriate to some *other* idea or experience; and consequently we become aware of an incongruity fatal to poetic enjoyment. Or, worse still, it may be that the idea presented to us has not a *poetic* interest for us at all, but a directly moral or religious one; and in this case we complain that a beautiful story has been spoilt for purposes not poetical. But, whether this be so or not, the idea introduced by the allegory almost always has this in common with moral ideas, that it is not produced by the poetic imagination, and therefore inseparable and indistinguishable from its embodiment, but is a current idea, due in a greater or less degree to abstraction, and therefore capable of only an artificial connection with the myth which is supposed to express it. The consequences of this procedure can be best explained by illustration. Here we may at once state our second requisite for this kind of poetry:—in the new poem, as in the old myth, the meaning and the form should be completely harmonious, and form a natural unity.

The species of verse which seems to offer the greatest obstacle to success of this kind is the pure lyric. For here the poet, instead of writing *about* a myth, has to speak the language of it, to utter as the direct outcome of his own personal feeling what he nevertheless puts into the mouth of some mythological figure. Yet this is what Goethe has actually done in more than one instance. I am thinking of

that series of unrhymed lyrics of which *Ganymed*, *Prometheus*, and *Ma-homet's Gesang* are the most famous. Let us dwell for a moment on the first of these and ask, for the purposes of our subject, what Goethe has accomplished. On the basis of a subject unpromising enough for a modern poet he has produced a lyric which hardly stands second to any even of his own songs in its glowing ardour and passionate directness. The reason is that, paying no regard to historical exactness, he has seized in the myth what is of lasting import, the idea (if we must put it in a theoretical shape) of a yearning towards the life or love or spirit that is in nature and beyond it. It is not that in his mind the idea has this meagre form, and that he forces the myth to express it; but the myth means that to him, *is* that to him; that and the myth are one and the same thing. Probably it was so when first he heard the story. Perhaps, as time went on, its old shape died more and more out of his mind, until at last, under the influence of some special occasion, this essence of it took a new shape in that song of *Ganymed*, which certainly would have been astonishing to a Greek, but which is none the worse for that. The song gives utterance to an idea or mood which, in Wordsworth and Shelley, produced poems of the most various kinds. It was a mood which coloured a whole period of Goethe's life and some of his best verse; the mood which during his year's sojourn in Italy seemed to bathe his whole nature in sunlight; the mood which produced poems so perfect, yet so different, as the seventh of the *Roman Elegies* and the Proemion to *Gott und Welt*. But in the first of these Goethe has given the feeling a strictly classical form; and in the latter the classical associations have quite disappeared. At this earlier time the ancient form was not yet natural to him, and the meaning he divined in the legend found a more purely lyrical expression. It melted so completely into his own joy and

longing that it could not be described, it could only sing itself out. It was no dead and soulless prospect that met his eye, no "senseless gust" that called to him in the wind. One spirit was moving within him and without him, panting for union, incarnate in light and sound and in the eye and ear. It is at such moments that for men of all times the earth in spring seems to thrill towards her lover the sun; possibly some such feeling may have underlain the original myth; and, however that may be, it found in Goethe's case no utterance so natural as words which he could connect with the memory of Ganymed:—

Hinauf, hinauf strebt's.
Es schweben die Wolken
Abwärts, die Wolken
Neigen sich der sehrenden Liebe.
Mir! Mir
In eurem Schoosse
Aufwärts!
Umfangend umfassen!
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,
Allliebender Vater!

The sign of excellence in a poem like this is that it gives us a single total impression, and that a purely poetic one. For this means that the meaning and form are completely fused. Our first thought of *Ganymed* is not that it is historically exact or inexact, moral or immoral, full of religious meaning or destitute of it; that it is wonderfully clever or that we have had a new pleasure: our first thought is that it is beautiful. Other qualities may be there, second thoughts may dwell on them; and, if we have faith in human nature, we shall be slow to suppose that a completely satisfactory poem can be really immoral or irreligious. But before the religion, the morality, the spiritual significance can enter into it, they have to pass through imagination, to lose their individuality, and to issue as sublimity or pathos or loveliness. If they have not suffered this change, well, doubtless they retain their original value—and it may be a value greater than any æsthetic worth—but æsthetic

worth they have not. And in so far as their prominence in a poem interferes with the purely poetic impression, so that our judgment expresses itself in words which are not æsthetic, their effect is as perverting as considerations of beauty would be in a judicial sentence or in the giving of alms. It is the same with political and with simply intellectual interests. That political feelings sometimes produce fine poetry is certain, but they cannot do so without losing their directly practical character: it is no praise to say of a poem that it is on the right side. Purely intellectual ideas and processes, again, only enter into art by being subordinated to imagination and "touched with its emotion:" we do not commend a poem when we say that it is philosophical, or pay it a compliment when we call it clever. It is no æsthetic merit in the second part of *Faust* that moral and metaphysical truths can be dug out of those large portions of it which give no poetic pleasure. And it is because *Ganymed*, in spite of or in addition to all its other interest, does produce a complete æsthetic effect, that it offers in some respects an ideal example of the use of an old myth.

Our view may perhaps gain in clearness if we apply it to a series of poems now widely popular. In the whole history of English verse Greek mythology has never been so systematically treated as in the *Epic of Hades*. One of its critics has spoken of the author's "enterprise of connecting the Greek myth with the higher and wider meaning which Christian sentiment naturally finds for it;" and the description is just, if the word "Christian" is allowed a wide enough sense. Whether this enterprise is poetically justified depends entirely on the manner in which the "connection" is effected. But before we try to answer this question, let us say at once that the author of the *Epic of Hades* has done literature a service of a kind especially needed. He has at all events this great claim on our welcome, that

he does not despair of mythology. His book is a practical refutation of the idea that the myths of any people can be arbitrary inventions which happened to please a particular race, but which sprang from no abiding tendency, and have no more significance than a brightly-coloured dream. This idea stands on a level with the old notion that religions are the invention of priests, and laws the invention of kings. Yet, however absurd it may seem to us when we state it baldly, our practical attitude corresponds to it. Most of us look on religious myths very much as we do on the stories of Sindbad or Jack the Giant-killer. And the result is that we deprive ourselves not only of an immense æsthetic material, but also of some valuable elements of culture and possibly even of religion. In the *Epic of Hades* the Greek stories are at least supposed to embody ideas neither transitory nor absurd.

In another respect, too, the author seems to have taken the right course: he has treated the stories freely. So much confusion prevails on this subject that I venture to return to it for a moment. If the myths of any people are to have an æsthetic value for us, and possibly a religious value also, they must be treated as mere *materials* without historic scruple. What the origin of the story of Ganymede may have been, what different shapes it takes, these are questions of interest for science, historical, linguistic, philosophical. But for the imagination they matter no more, they matter even less, than does the question as to the real character of Egmont or Don Carlos. Don Carlos was not a high-souled enthusiast, but a ruffian; but for the purpose of the dramatist the problem is not what Don Carlos was, but what can be made of him. It is true that the freedom of art in this point has its limits, and that it would be better if historical truth could be preserved. But that limit is to be looked for, not in scientific knowledge, but in the information

possessed by the general literary public. Historic truth, as such, is no canon of æsthetic truth; but it would be bad art to represent Washington as a rogue, or Richard III. as a benevolent man, because a definite breach would be made between the knowledge or belief of the general public and the artistic representation offered to it; a breach which the imagination could not ignore or fill up, and which would therefore impede its enjoyment. In the same way it would perhaps be better for Schiller's play in the end if it were not so historically inaccurate; for although most of his readers do not now know what kind of a person Don Carlos was, it is possible that some day historical knowledge may be so widely extended that a disagreeable collision between fact and the drama may be generally felt. But when so much as this has been allowed, the claims of scientific truth on art seem to be satisfied. What is of moment to the imagination is the truth which appeals to it; and "facts," as such, are not of moment to it. We may safely deny that there ever was a Wandering Jew, or that the Greek gods existed or exist; of the real originals of Achilles, of Arthur, of Don Juan, of Faust, we know nothing, or next to nothing. And for the purposes of imagination we desire to know nothing of all this. It is not the facts asserted in these myths or legends that have value for us, but the living spirit, the human soul, that mirrors its nature in them. It may be that but for the existence of a real Doctor Faustus the legend would not have arisen. But we have the legend and the poem that sprang from it; and, for poetry, it matters absolutely nothing now whether he was ever born or not, and whether he was torn to pieces by the devil or died quietly in his bed.

The author of the *Epic of Hades* is therefore, as it seems to us, not going beyond the unwritten laws of verse when he refuses to treat the Greek myths as facts, and invests them with

a meaning which they did not originally possess. But has he succeeded in so fusing together the old form and the new spirit that the effect is poetically right? If not, then it must be maintained that however much our other feelings may be moved, the poetic worth of this emotion is at best mixed. No one can read this book without being struck by the enthusiasm which seizes on a moral or religious meaning in the myths, and often enforces it with real eloquence. And sometimes the effect is successful poetry, as, for instance, in the case of myths which obviously spring from a moral experience not seriously affected by time, such as those of Tantalus or Sisyphus. But too often the story and its "meaning" refuse to combine; the experience which should be the soul does not form for itself a body in which it lives and through which it speaks to us, but a certain material is given us and we have to be told what it signifies. And this "meaning" is something with which we are already more or less familiar in an abstract shape. On the one side stands the story; on the other we have reflections obviously belonging to the present time and impossible to a Greek, and these are placed with very little ado in the mouths of gods and heroes. The result is not satisfactory. However eloquent the reflections may be, it is not these lips that should utter them. The right place for the sections about Zeus and the Unknown would be a modern symposium in the *Nineteenth Century*. It is not Psyche who should explain to us that we have seen in the series of divinities only

"Those fair forms

Which are but parts of Him, and are indeed
Attributes of the Substance which supports
The Universe of Things." (P. 274.)

Orpheus and Eurydice ought not to tell us (if I understand them rightly) that they typify a mistaken marriage, owing to which a man of genius has renounced his higher place to walk in the comfortable plain of household

affection (pp. 145-154). It is most distressing that Acteon should "sometimes think" that "all his days were shadows, all his life an allegory" (p. 116), and should deliberately suggest various answers (and good ones) to his own riddle. What Medusa says of nunneries and seduction (p. 195) is sound doctrine, but surely she is not the person to enforce it. In these cases, and in others, we feel that violence has been done to myths which have a meaning more impressive, if vaguer, than that given to them. In them, too, the meaning is one thing with the tale, and therefore they are beautiful. But here we have moral and religious ideas which, however truly felt, have not been able to transform themselves into sensuous life. They themselves have not become imagination, and therefore they do not satisfy imagination.

It is this very fact, this prominence of an enthusiasm directly moral and reflective, which suits the *Epic of Hades* to the taste of so many readers. No great poetic demand is made on us, far less than is made by Goethe's or Mr. Tennyson's poems on these subjects. At the same time we are standing on solid ground. Our moral and religious beliefs have a strength and value which, fortunately, in most cases far exceed the strength and requirements of our imagination. We seem to have much more offered to us when they are put before us in a clear and independent form, than when the vital experience from which they spring is incorporated in a shape apprehensible only by poetic insight, and is refused a distinct theoretical expression. Most of us, to put an extreme case, get more from practical eloquence on free will and irresolution illustrated by the tragedy of *Hamlet* than by reading the tragedy itself. If the effect we desire is a practical effect, we do well to prefer the exhortation. And, even in the interests of poetry, if we cannot apprehend *Hamlet* without the eloquence, if we cannot appropriate the myths without an allegory, it is better that

we should have it. But it remains none the less true that eloquence is eloquence, and poetry poetry; and that, when we use poetry as a stimulant to moral feelings, we do not use it as poetry. A glance at the notices of the press appended to the *Epic of Hades* and the *Songs of Two Worlds* will show how much of the pleasure which these works give is only partly æsthetic. We read sentence after sentence praising the author (quite truly) for qualities which are not poetic at all.¹ An ecclesiastical paper may talk of "that particularly imaginative lustre which belongs to the truly poetic mind," but journals not ecclesiastical take up the position thus basely deserted. It is "the depth and truth of its purgatorial ideas" that really attracts them to the *Epic of Hades*. Does any one take the Bishop of Gloucester's declaration that he has "derived from it a deep pleasure and refreshment such as he never thought modern poetry could give" for a judgment on the poetic merits of the poem? Something at least nearer the point might be expected from the *Saturday Review*. But that champion of our spiritual welfare is absorbed in the "noble purpose and high ideal" of the author, and, carried into higher spheres by an ode in his volume of lyrics, bursts forth—"We cannot find too much praise for its noble assertion of man's resurrection."

The author of the poems is not responsible for this irrelevant approval, but it is invited by that defect in his works which I have criticised. Whether the criticism is well founded in this particular case or not, the grounds on which it is based have a general application, and I hope they have been

made distinct. The cause of failure is not that a Greek myth is treated without historical respect; nor that its forms are used for the expression of ideas different from, and in many respects superior to, those of the Greeks. If our poetic ideas are capable of so revivifying these forms that the impression they make on the imagination is æsthetically right, a real achievement has been effected, a real addition of the greatest value to the world of our imagination and possibly also to our moral and religious life. We may go farther. It is not even the gross historical incongruity of the substance of a poem with the figures in which it is worked out, that is fatal or even greatly harmful to the æsthetic result; for then these figures are really mere accessories, and we treat them as such. But the problem takes quite another shape when a poet, instead of using an ancient form as a mere accident, attempts to make it the real embodiment of his ideas. In this case he may express what modern experience he chooses, so long as he can make it *live* in its mythical embodiment; but that he cannot do, if he leaves it in the form of a conscious current idea and merely inserts it into the story. The first requisite is that the impression given should be æsthetically right; and no impression is so which is double, not single, and the double elements of which refuse to give up their separate existence.

If we examined the many successful poems which have been written on mythical and legendary subjects during the last hundred years, I think we should find this point of view confirmed. But, we may be told, there is a very great difference between a lyric like *Ganymed*, and the poems we have criticised. What Goethe has expressed is only a relation of our minds to nature, a relation which has not been materially altered in the course of 2,000 years. (I do not accept this statement.) There is no difficulty, it will be added, in pro-

¹ I do not say, nor in the least mean to imply, that they are *anti-poetic*. On the contrary—we are so often told that the *subject* of a work of art is a matter of indifference, that it may be as well to add this—it is surely the fact that deep and true ideas have a natural affinity to poetry which shallow and false ideas have not. But they ought to show it by *becoming* poetry; if they do not, their depth and truth are not poetic qualities at all.

ducing a right æsthetic effect through a heathen material, if you have only a heathen idea to express. The real problem is to take a deeper experience than this, an experience which, though not put in a directly moral or religious form, depends upon modern ideas of life, and to embody *that* adequately in the shape of an old legend. It will be easy to show by a few examples from modern verse that this can be done.

Loyalty to Goethe would forbid our leaving him at once, even if he were not the greatest master in this field. We may pass by the fragment of an *Achilleis*, though a discussion as to the cause of its failure would throw light on our subject. We had better pass by the *Roman Elegies*, poems far enough removed from the lyrical exuberance of *Ganymed*, poems which are in the fullest sense expressions of character. The gulf which separates these marvellous works of art from our common ways of thought and feeling is too wide to escape notice, and they will never be popular. We will say nothing of Goethe's most ambitious work in this style, the *Iphigenie*. Lewes, in his life of Goethe, and Mr. Arnold, in the preface to *Merope*, have long ago pointed out how essentially modern the spirit of the play is, and how its classical form is yet in complete harmony with this spirit. From the group of poems which has already furnished one example, let us take another, a lyric pitched in a very different key, the *Prometheus*. In this poem, one phase of the most radical experience possible, one among the many feelings which centre in man's relation to the spiritual powers of life, takes a lyrical shape. No work of Goethe's possesses greater biographical interest. We can understand its origin in the course of his life and growth. It is the grandest memorial of a time, when out of the turmoil of passion and the stress of circumstances the feeling became overmastering in him, that the guiding powers he had ap-

pealed to were little more than names, that the real powers were quite other:

"Hat nicht mich zum Manne geschmiedet
Die allmächtige Zeit
Und das ewige Schicksal,
Meine Herrn und deine?"

and that, in spite of time and fate, nothing outside his own spirit had help for him or could harm him. How could such a passion have been expressed directly and in the person of the poet? It must have taken the shape of an invective against beliefs towards which Goethe felt no hostility, and of the central meaning of which he could never have spoken in the words of the *Prometheus*, however insignificant their historical wrappings may have seemed to him. This is the problem which gives the poem an æsthetic interest as great as its biographical. As his feeling in the presence of nature had naturally embodied itself in the story of *Ganymed*, so it was again. Out of the circle of Titanic myths that commotion of mind, which in Goethe's best days seems to have melted spontaneously into outlines at once perfectly clear and intensely passionate, attracted to itself the story of *Prometheus*, and found in it a natural medium of utterance. The Greek *Prometheus* could not possibly have said what Goethe's does; but no incongruity is felt, and we are not admiring a *tour de force*. With the first words—

"Bedecke deinen Himmel, Zeus,
Mit Wolkendunst,"

we know where we are, and through the lips of a hero of Greek mythology a mood thoroughly modern and yet perfectly in character speaks to us in the accents of nature.¹ We have only

¹ I would ask the reader to compare with the *Prometheus* a very genuine piece of poetry on a similar subject, the chorus in *Atalanta in Calydon*, beginning "Who hath given man speech?" In spite of the power of this extraordinary invective, we are not satisfied. It is not merely that the passion has to storm itself out at excessive length, but the chorus

to turn over the pages of the *Gedichte* to find instance after instance of the same thing. Throughout his life, Goethe retained the capacity of using foreign material, whether in the way of subject or of form, in this spontaneous manner. The source might be Greek or Roman, Persian or Chinese, it makes no difference. And if the passion which produced the early personal lyrics had somewhat cooled by the time he wrote the *Westöstliche Divan*, there is, if anything, an advance in this species of art. No other modern poet has been able to appropriate so completely that peculiar mixture of frank sensuous pleasure in wine with a mystical imaginativeness which is so characteristic of some Eastern poetry, and which seems to us at first so strange. And there are a few poems, highest among them all the verses called *Einlass*, which will stand by the *Ganymed* or the *Prometheus* for their force and their perfection of form.

But we need not go so far afield for instances. In Goethe's greatest work we have an example of the free treatment of an old legend, and its transfusion with new life. The legend which formed the material of the first part of *Faust* contains at first sight hardly anything of the tragic significance of the poem. It was a story in many of its details trivial and vulgar, which grew up on a slender historical basis under the influence of different, successive, and even conflicting, popular ideas.¹ The divination of a mysterious life of nature which might possibly be fathomed by alchemy and astrology seemed to open a boundless empire of knowledge and power; but the enthusiasm and awe were met by the conviction of a

professes to be Greek and we cannot help remembering that it is not Greek; further what is expressed is not something "purely human," but an antitheological animus which is non-poetic in exactly the same way as the reflections in the *Epic of Hades* are, however great their inferiority in other respects may be.

¹ Comp. *Goethe's Faust*, Von Kuno Fischer.

diabolic agency at work in this unlawful search; and the two feelings blended in a strange union. The new ardour of discovery and passion to understand, joins with a tumult of unbridled desire, freed at once from ignorance and theology, and flinging itself on a world which promised infinite enjoyment as the reward of knowledge; and the condemnation of godless presumption falls upon either impulse alike. Ecstasy in the recovered sense of beauty centres about the Greek deities; but at another moment they seem to have risen from their graves only to be the ministers of Satan, to madden the minds of doctor and priest with visions, and to entice them to the forfeiture of their souls. All these, and other elements, such as the Protestant hatred of priests, and the common man's love of rude practical joking, seem to have united in the story which gradually collected round the person of Doctor Faust. And naturally much of what is fine or interesting in these ideas is lost in the popular tale, or obscured by a mass of tasteless stories of conjuring pranks and mountebank adventures. Yet it was this chaotic product of the general imagination, which, passing through a mind tried in personal suffering and tragic conflicts, was fused into the intensest, the most elemental, the most purely human poem written since Shakespeare. The most perfect, we cannot say; the stubborn material has left some dross behind; there is something too much of mere broomstick and caldron witchcraft; it is doubtful whether the delayed completion of the poem has not resulted in an inconsistent conception of the main character; it is certain that by one of those lapses of artistic instinct which seems to have now and again befallen Goethe, a whole scene has been introduced which has next to no value in itself, and much less than none in the tragedy; and finally, the first part of *Faust*, the only part which was ever much cared for, is a fragment. But when all this has

been admitted—and who thinks of all this in reading *Faust*?—it remains the fact that there is no poem since *Hamlet* which has produced so profound an impression on men's minds. And this could never have been the case if Goethe had not treated his legendary material as he has. What he has to express is not of to-day or of three hundred years ago; it is human, and goes into the heart of passions, which have made and marred lives out of number, so that the words of *Faust* or *Mephistopheles* come to men's lips as though they were their own. Thus it is nothing to Goethe how the story arose or what constraint he puts upon it, if he can but make it the body of his thought. And the words of the old puppet-play have "sung in his head" so long, through years that have seen so much suffered and done, that this he can and must achieve. The memory of Gretchen, his first boy's love; his remorse before and after the parting from *Frederike*; the half-earnest half-idle hopes which led him to the study of alchemy; the disgust at empty sciences, and the weariness of his baffled striving after knowledge; the hurried grasp after the infinite, and the impossibility, burnt into his very soul, of finding it in enjoyment—all this was a store of experience which seemed at last to melt into the old legend, and become incorporated in its figures. But only because these figures are utterly changed, and new ones have been imagined. Not only the legend itself, but the mythology of the Old Testament and of mediæval religion, has become the "living garment" of his imagination, moving as it moves. It does not cross his mind that the story has any rights against him, or that he is making too free with the Book of Job; it is his own life which is to make them live. He does not need to tell us what *Faust* and *Mephistopheles* mean; for it is his own soul, and ours, that speaks and acts in them.

In most of these poems the charac-

teristic of Goethe's mode of treatment is that he completely absorbs a mythological or legendary material into his imagination, and reproduces it directly in a form at once personal and human. It is this directness, this touch of a personal emotion so purified from individual circumstance that it appeals to all men, that gives *Faust* a lyrical character in spite of its dramatic force. In the same way the subjects of *Ganymed* and *Prometheus* take the shape of the pure lyric; Goethe is not writing a poem about *Ganymede*, he has for the moment become *Ganymede*. And I have taken examples of this mode of treatment first of all, because in it that unity of meaning and form is naturally most complete, the loss of which leads to allegory and poor poetry. In itself, however, it is not superior to other ways of dealing with these subjects even in a lyrical manner. In the ballad, for example, which gives free play to the epic element in lyrical verse, the mythological personages are treated to a greater or less extent as the subjects of the poem. Historical propriety may be preserved to a degree unnecessary in songs; and yet the myth may be so handled that we are able to identify ourselves completely with its meaning, and need no interpretation to make it plain. The reader will remember *Der Gott und die Bayadere* and *Paria*, Goethe's great ballads on Indian legends. If there is any poem in modern literature which can stand by the first part of *Faust* it is the *Bride of Corinth*; and in this ballad the legend is told with the most naked simplicity, and yet with an energy so intense that the difference of ages is lost in a moment. Schiller's tendency to reflective thinking, and genius for declamatory verse, led him in the earlier part of his career to a style really less artistic: the feeling which inspires the most beautiful of his pure lyrics, such as *Die Ideale*, *Das Ideal und das Leben*, or *Die Götter Griechenlands*, is too conscious to take a nar-

rative form; and it is interesting to compare the last and, in some respects, greatest of these poems with the *Bride of Corinth*, in which an idea fundamentally the same has led to a totally different result. But Schiller's instinct kept him to the simply lyrical form in which his imagination was able to express itself with all its glow, and he never took a mythological subject as a text for rhetoric. When, later in his life and partly through Goethe's influence, the poet and philosopher were reconciled in him, he produced ballads on Greek subjects in the simplest narrative style, and a few poems in a slightly different manner which rank among his best works. In his *Kassandra*, for example, he has expressed a permanent and intense human emotion without in any degree destroying the outline of the legend, or suggesting any incongruity. Cassandra's terrible cry to Apollo—

“Meine Blindheit gib mir wieder
Und den fröhlich dunkeln Sinn!
Nimmer sang ich freud'ge Lieder,
Seit ich deine Stimme bin.
Nimm, o nimm die traur'ge Klarheit,
Mir vom Aug den blut'gen Schein!
Schrecklich ist es, deiner Wahrheit
Sterbliches Gefäß zu sein —”

these words are strictly appropriate in the mouth of the speaker, and yet they are the utterance of a feeling which in its essential nature is not dependent on the special circumstances assumed in the poem, but, in a greater or less degree of intensity, may have been the experience of men in other times. And wherever this is the case, these words will seem, in spite of their historical propriety, the spontaneous outcome of a permanent human passion.

Let me turn for some further illustration to the poet who is most familiar to English readers of the present day. Those of Mr. Tennyson's works which deal with mythical or legendary subjects are, for the most part, written in the manner last described. The myth or legend is usually the *subject* of the poem.

When we read the complaint of Oenone or the choric song of the Lotos-eaters, we have the persons of the legend before our minds. Not that we fail to identify ourselves with them, or that their words have no meaning or value to us apart from the circumstances in which they are uttered; but the original story has not been so completely absorbed into a modern emotion as to become the vehicle for its direct expression. In this respect these poems rather resemble some of Mr. Browning's greatest works—such as *Andrea del Sarto*, *Fra Lippo Lippi*, or *Cleon*—than Goethe's *Ganymed* or *Prometheus*. And Mr. Tennyson has not confined himself to Greek subjects, any more than the view I am trying to enforce is intended to apply to classical mythology alone. Thus we have a *St. Simeon Stylites* as well as a *Lucretius*. The former, in the shape of a monologue in blank verse, paints with great vividness a state of mind definitely attributed to a certain person living at a certain time. Everything is in keeping; we have no reflections offered to us from our own point of view; and probably most of us are not aware of any temptation to rival *St. Simeon*. Yet though Mr. Tennyson's treatment is as far as possible removed from symbolism, what is presented to us is a mental state which in its foundation is independent of this special form, and which might under other conditions result in acts utterly different indeed in appearance, but identical in spirit, and perhaps standing in a closer relation to ourselves. Thus through all the dramatic details, and in harmony with them, something speaks to us in the universal language of men. It is the same with the later and nobler poem. And in both, this central spirit throws its light on every detail, and renders the poem a real unity, a real work of art; so that, for example, those grotesque visions of the mediæval infernal world which distracted *St. Simeon* as

he read, and the dreams which, to use Shelley's words, "poisoned sleep" and "polluted the day" for Lucretius, these, "Abaddon and Asmodeus" or "satyr and faun," are not types or symbols or allegories, nor yet unintelligible curiosities, but in each case the right and natural and only fitting expression of something which nevertheless exists to-day, as well as a thousand or two thousand years ago. These are not the particular visions which would trouble men nowadays; but what does that signify? We identify ourselves with them, just as we appropriate the sense and beauty of a myth. And if we cannot do so, then either they are not fit subjects for modern verse, or (which is more likely) we cannot read the verse aright; just as any Greek or Indian myth remains to us something merely external and historical, until in imagination we can make it a natural expression for our own souls. That in doing so we make it something different from what it was to its creators, is true; but there are, I think, only two cases in which we need regret this. We must regret it if we are examining a myth in the interest of some historical science; and we shall also regret it if we believe the myth to be a fact, and attach a religious value to the supposed fact. But otherwise it would not perhaps be difficult to support the view that the change which the mythical material undergoes in being revived, is not a distortion but, in the strict sense of the word, a development.

Even if this were not the case—and a discussion of the point would lead us too far from our immediate subject—it would remain true that what we need for the purpose of imagination, if for no other purpose, is the power of detaching our minds from the special form in which our own experience clothes itself, and of finding this experience in the shapes which other times have given it. This is what we do when we read ancient poetry, or when we read such

modern poems as *Ganymed* or *Lucretius*. It is this want of flexibility, this bondage to our mental atmosphere, our fixed ideas and words and customs, that prevents our appropriating foreign forms which "half reveal and half conceal" an inner spirit identical with our own, and that makes it necessary to add to these forms themselves an interpretation given in the terms of our own reflection. It is the same phlegmatic habit of mind which deadens our sense of the life and greatness of this very mental atmosphere of our own, the nature that surrounds us, our faiths and institutions; so that the greatest of human achievements, the state, becomes to us a mere matter of course, if nothing worse, and our religion sinks into an external routine and a worship of mere symbols. And yet it is this very same stupidity which makes us cry out against the changing of an inadequate symbol or the development of an institution, and thus at once empties the letter of that spirit which alone gives it value, and yet, when the letter is touched, protests that the spirit is one thing with it and can live in no other form. It is against this lethargy that all enthusiasms, of knowledge or action or production, philosophy or religion or art, alike contend. It is the root of all philistinism and vulgarity. That we are freed from it is the joy of real seeing and hearing and of every act of knowledge, the quickening of life and insight that crowns all struggle and passion. From it spring selfishness and vice: for it is stupidity that limits sympathy, and the old saying remains true, that if, when we pursue a false end, we could but realise what we are doing, we should cease to pursue it. Imagination, like all the higher qualities of mind, depends on this flexibility and power of detachment: and imagination is our greatest instrument in the extension of experience, if not of positive knowledge. It is true that in certain cases a facility in appropriating diverse ex-

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pressions of a single spirit may denote or produce an indifference to all forms, which soon passes into the loss of the central experience itself; but the best of gifts may be misused by weakness or frivolity. And, even if we dispute the value of this mobility in life itself, it is a first necessity for poetry, and particularly for poetry of the kind which we have been discussing. Without it an old myth or a myth revived must either remain something remote and external, or be interpreted by an allegorical treatment which cannot give poetical satisfaction.

That we spontaneously make this transference in reading *St. Simeon Stylites* or *Lucretius* thus means really that they are good poetry. The same thing is true of a sligher but not less perfect work of Mr. Tennyson's—*St. Agnes' Eve*. Here the poet has taken the legend according to which

"upon St. Agnes' Eve
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adornings from their loves receive
Upon the honeyed middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright."

He has boldly turned it in a new way, and has given us the impassioned hymn of a nun to the heavenly bridegroom. Here we have the exact counterpart of the main idea of Goethe's *Bride of Corinth*. There the old faith which sanctified youth and nature is contrasted with the desolation of the new, which has torn the young Athenian's bride from him to devote her to Christ:—

"Sacrifice is here
Not of lamb or steer
But of human woe and human pain."

But from the grave itself she rises to still the unquenched longing, to satisfy the offended gods, and to destroy her lover with her kisses:

"Fearful is the weird that forced me hither,
From the dark-heaped chamber where I lay:
Powerless are your drowsy anthems, neither
Can your priests prevail, howe'er they pray."

Salt nor lymph can cool
Where the pulse is full;
Love must still burn on, though wrapped
in clay."¹

In Mr. Tennyson's poem the love that was cast out has returned in a spiritual form; mere renunciation² has become a consuming desire:

"Deep on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon:
My breath to heaven like vapour goes:
May my soul follow soon!"³

I need not quote more; we all know the poem by heart, and know what a masterpiece of painting it is, coloured in every detail by the feeling of the whole! And who ever found it less beautiful, who—it is the same question—ever failed to identify himself with its spirit, because it could no more serve as the common expression of his religious feelings than could a prayer to Zeus?

There are two of Mr. Tennyson's poems which must have occurred to any reader who has followed me so far—*Tithonus* and *Ulysses*. I will take as the last of my illustrations the *Ulysses*, a poem which would have gladdened Goethe's heart. Most of us know the *Ulysses* of Homer; and it is to be hoped that Mr. Butcher and Mr. Lang will be able to print their translation in such a form that the *Odyssey* may become as accessible to Englishmen as Shakespeare or the *Pilgrim's Progress*. But no one can compare Mr. Tennyson's *Ulysses* with the Homeric hero without being struck by the completeness of the change. We may try to lessen it by saying that in both cases we have the type of endurance, of experience, of skill united with strength. But, in so far as this is

¹ From Aytoun's and Martin's translations of Goethe's Songs and Ballads.

² Or rather, this ecstasy of soul hardly admits even the memory of a past renunciation or of a storm that has given place to peace. For a rendering of such a contrast of feelings, called up by the very same situation as that described in Mr. Tennyson's poem, the reader will turn to Schubert's wonderful song, *Die junge Nonne*.

true, it only shows how differently this type is realised at different times. In the whole *Odyssey* there is hardly a trace to be found of the idea or passion which gives its unity to Mr. Tennyson's poem—the idea of a hunger after new experience and knowledge, unstilled by any labour or age. It is a commonplace that that word, which to us is associated with all that unites human nature with the divine, the word "infinite," seems to have suggested to the Greek disorder and even evil. Faust's unrest, the passion of his words,

"Und was der ganzen Menschheit zugetheilt
ist
Will ich in meinen innern Selbst genießen,
Mit meinem Geist das Höchste und Tiefste
greifen,
Ihr Wohl und Weh auf meinen Busen
haufen,
Und so mein eigen Selbst zu ihrem Selbst
erweitern,
Und, wie sie selbst, am End' auch ich zer-
scheitern!"

this, if he could have made any sense of it at all, would have seemed to the Greek (what indeed it is shown to be in Goethe's poem) the source of insolence and impiety; and probably he would not so readily have recognised that this "feeling of the infinite" is also the spring of great achievement. To his mind too, accustomed to a Ulysses who would gladly have spent a quiet old age in Ithaca, how strange the speech would have sounded:

"I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin
fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on
life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard
myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human
thought."

This, I say, would have sounded

strange to Greek ears; but there is not a grander passage in modern verse. And more than this: though the words come from a Greek hero, they give us a sense of perfect fitness. The whole legend lives again in them, and it lives in a new shape. And, while more than two thousand years lie between the two poems, and the change of those twenty centuries finds free utterance, the one still seems to us the right conclusion of the other, and a strange solemnity gathers around our memory of the Homeric world as we read of the great chances of the last voyage:

"It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew."

How has it come about? It is not a successful imitation of the Greek that moves us. It is not that Mr. Tennyson has told us the old story, and then shown us how our conscious beliefs, or hopes, or experience may find a meaning in it. What Ulysses was to Homer we know; and we do not want it bettered or interpreted. But what does Ulysses mean to us? How can the heart that beats in our own time find expression in the legend, as the spirit of the old Greeks was mirrored in it ages ago? In what form does that which for them expanded into the story of the much-enduring wise man of many wanderings, clothe itself for us, within the limits indeed of the old idea, but yet freely and naturally? If we can answer that question, we have not lost the myth, although we change its outward feature; the myth itself has developed. And this is the question which Mr. Tennyson has answered for us, not in an exposition or an allegory, but by re-creating; so that he gives us a poem on an "ancient subject," as we roughly say, yet modern to the core, and human, a Ulysses with that new light in his eyes which we can understand without a word.¹

¹ It would be interesting to trace the story of Ulysses from Homer to Mr. Tennyson through its various changes, whether in the way of

In choosing illustrations from Goethe and Mr. Tennyson my main object has been to contrast the successful use of myths or legends with that particular misuse of them which culminates in conscious allegory. Doubtless the names of great poets may be pointed to in justification of this form of verse; and it would be absurd to deny that it is capable of producing fine results. I will not plead in answer that Dante or Spenser are great in spite of their allegorising and not in consequence of it; nor that much which, owing to our labour in understanding it, we regard as allegory, is really more like the unconscious symbolism to be found in all poetry. Nor can I attempt to analyse the conditions under which an allegory may be successfully employed, or do more than ask the reader to remember the weakness of those passages in Milton, where the reflection that explains and argues gets the better of the imagination that sees and embodies. We are speaking only of the last century of poetry, and maintaining that for a time like our own, when reflection is strong and imagination somewhat at a loss, when we are forced to realise our beliefs and are apt to attach a fictitious value to the theoretical form we give them, conscious symbolism and allegory become a temptation to us, and produce poor results in works of art. Few who care for poetry more than for the art of interpretation will deny the deplorable effects of this tendency on Goethe's later verse; and I find it difficult to believe that Mr. Tennyson had the abstract ideal of a blameless character, or theoretical beliefs as to the fortunes of the soul before his mind when he wrote the *Morte d'Arthur* or *Guinevere*. It is quite another matter to say that in those poems the imagination gives shape to a vital body of spiritual experience, which may be afterwards gathered from the poems and ex-

distortion or development. The middle point is no doubt the great passage in Dante (*Inf.* xxvi. 85 ff.), which may have suggested Mr. Tennyson's poem, and to which the above remarks, *mutatis mutandis*, would apply.

pressed as a theory or doctrine. But that may be done with *Hamlet* or *Faust*, with *Ganymed* or *Ulysses*, as well as with the *Idylls of the King*.

But perhaps it may be felt that a great deal is being made of a trifle; that, after all, the works composed on subjects like these are few in number, and only interest a small circle. The opposite is the case. These poems are a kind of conquest over time. Ours is an age of investigation. We ransack the religions, the legends, the fairy tales of all the world, to find food not merely for science but for imagination; the result may be that in the end we shall find food for life itself. Ideas which were religious and have ceased to be so, are preserved in a new form and for a less serious end. Where a Greek could express himself only through the traditions of his own people, we can find a body for our thought not only in English lives and English ideas, but in the shapes left us by Indian and Egyptian, Greek and Roman, old German and Icelandic civilisations. Is this a fact of no significance?

Again, poems of this kind are neither few nor esoteric. We have taken our examples from Goethe and Mr. Tennyson. If we take the English verse of the last hundred years, and cut away from it everything written on mythological and legendary subjects, we shall find they have played a great part. Let us merely refer to some names. Keats drew his inspiration mainly from Greek mythology. In his first work, feelings intensely modern and characteristic of youth throw the strangest light on the story of Endymion, and a passion essentially un-Greek seems to find in the Greek world a refuge from the apparent prose of modern life.¹ *Lamia* is a Greek

¹ I will merely allude to the considerable body of poetry to which a feeling of this kind has given rise. The "hellenische Sehnsucht" was common in Germany at the end of the last century. By far its most splendid outcome was, of course, Schiller's *Götter Griechenlands*. It reached its extreme in the life and writings of Hölderlin, the college friend of

legend; the *Eve of St. Agnes* is based on mediæval tradition; the odes *To a Grecian Urn* and *To Psyche* speak for themselves. In the fragment of *Hyperion* Keats chose a subject comparatively untouched and of imperishable interest; and he showed that he had reached the power of treating a myth with his whole heart and yet without sentimentality.

How different again, and how significant is the spirit in which Byron, whose discontent went straighter to its mark and found little rest in the Greek world, uses a legendary material. He sees in Cain a far more adequate hero than he could create in his *Laras* or *Corsairs*. In the story used in *Heaven and Earth* he has the fairest field for that description of the mixture of sea and sky in which the storm within him passed away. Or again, instead of the beginning of the world he takes the current notion of its ending, and in the most perfect of all his poems, the *Vision of Judgment*, uses this notion, as decaying religious ideas are often used at first, as a vehicle for satire and burlesque. Or, lastly, he ventures on the great fellow-legend to *Faust*, *Don Juan*; and, however little he might have been able to mould it into a unity, he at least handles it with a freedom as unhesitating as Goethe's. It is this freedom and sincerity of imagination which never

Schelling and Hegel, and author of the *Schicksalslied* set by Brahms; and it still coloured the verses he produced at intervals during the melancholy madness into which he early sank. The effect of such feelings on the greater writers is naturally transient, and in England they do not seem to have much affected any considerable poet except Keats. The reader will recall the lines in *Lamia*, "There was an awful rainbow once in heaven," &c., the sonnet "Glory and loveliness have passed away," and Wordsworth's sonnet, "The world is too much with us." But I suppose the revolt against certain Christian ideas, and the new revolutionary Renaissance, not glad but defiant, which has produced some of Mr. Swinburne's finest lyrics, is distantly allied to these feelings, and they may be traced, in a modified and more scientific form, in Mr. Symonds's essays on Greek poetry.

¹ Comp. John Keats; a Study. By F. M. Owen.

fails him, let his material come from where it will; which, be the spirit of his work high or low, at least admits no halfness, no vexed ghost of reflection that cannot find a body; which, wherever Byron is at his best, is imaged in a style unsurpassed since Shakespeare for concentrated energy. Other instances will occur to every reader. [Wordsworth's main poems sprang from a more direct contact with nature and human life; but every one will recall *Laodamia* and *Dion*, and the sonnet "The world is too much with us."] If Mrs. Browning had never touched these subjects elsewhere, the one lyric, *A Musical Instrument*, would be enough. Who can forget Shelley's *Arethusa*, and how in it the humanised tale and its natural foundation are dissolved together into the brightest music English words ever made; the "sweet pipings" of the *Hymn of Pan*; the higher strain of the *Hymn of Apollo*, at whose sound we too seem to "stand at noon upon the peak of Heaven;" the *Adonais*, the *Prometheus Unbound*, the fragments of the prologue to *Hellas*?

But, instead of adding names to a list we could hardly finish, let us merely call attention to three points of interest. The first is the attempt, repeated in various degrees, to reproduce the Greek dramatic form as a vehicle for Greek subjects. Secondly, within the last twenty years, chiefly in Mr. Arnold's *Balder* and Mr. Morris's *Story of Sigurd*, we have been brought face to face with northern mythology — that mythology, the scenery and spirit of which appeals to us in some ways more directly than the Greek can, and of which we have been too long ignorant. And, lastly, we should do well to notice those works which deal with subjects having an historical relation, more or less close, to our own religious ideas; such poems (and they are among the best of our days), as Mr. Browning's *Saul*, *Cleon*, *Epistle of Karshish*, *Death in the Desert*, and *Christmas Eve and Easter-day*; such a work of partial fiction as *Philochristus*; such a picture

as the *Shadow of the Cross*; such a phenomenon as the Ober-Ammergau Passion-play, to which the peasants doubtless listen as our ancestors once listened to miracle-plays, but which many of the English visitors must have looked at with very different eyes. It is possible that the future historian of our religion and poetry may see in these works of imagination a significance, which we who enjoy them hardly discern.

And this leads me to a few words on the last part of my subject. Why do our poets turn to foreign legends and half-forgotten religious myths, while they seldom make any attempt to deal with the religious ideas of their own age?

I do not pretend to be able to answer this question fully, but I may suggest some points for reflection. Current religious ideas are unsatisfactory subjects because the artist's relation to them is not *free*; it is hampered either by his direct religious interest in them or by his theological disbelief in them. It is the first of these alternatives that is the hardest to explain. *Why*, if these ideas are believed in, should they not be fit subjects for art; when it was just such a state of things that produced the best painting and some of the best poetry the world ever saw? The reason must lie somewhere in the different meanings that the words "believe in" had at that time and have now. We may say that it is just the glory of Protestantism to have so spiritualised the central ideas of Christianity, that a directly sensuous representation of them is no longer possible. Thus, although the Gospel history is accepted as absolutely true, it is regarded not as a mere fact but as the symbol of a purely spiritual relation between God and man; and the purely spiritual character of this relation, in distinction from the historical facts, has become much clearer than it was to the Catholic painters. Hence these facts are not "believed in" in quite the same way. There is much truth, we may hope, in this, and can

only wish there were more. Again, when we think of Dante, it occurs to us that Protestants disbelieve in purgatory and scarcely believe in hell: and, when we think of Raphael, we remember that the commonest subjects of his religious pictures were the Madonna and Child or passages in the lives of the saints. These are no longer the natural expressions of an Englishman's faith, and so the amount of possible material is most seriously diminished. What remains to him? He cannot paint the process of atonement in men's souls, or their love to God. A fine lyric or two may be inspired by these thoughts (*e. g.* Wesley's "Jacob Wrestling" or "Jesu, lover of my soul," and these belong to the last century), but not an epic or a drama. There remains scarcely anything but the story of Christ's life on earth; and there are obstacles to the treatment of this subject, over and above the change of position to which I have already alluded. There seems to be a downright inartistic element, a kind of stupidity, in the Protestant or, perhaps, in the northern mind, a literalism which prevents it from distinguishing between the artistic and the religious use of a subject, and makes it take the former for an expression of fact. Hence comes what may easily be observed, the half-acknowledged dislike which many English people feel to pictorial representations of Christ, and even to any really dramatic treatment of his life in music. And hence also an objection is felt to enlargements of the Gospel story, and a still greater objection to invention; and yet poems on the subject, if they are to be worth anything, must involve at any rate the former. Yet, when all this has been admitted, a further question must present itself. None of these difficulties ought to affect Catholics; and yet Catholic countries are as powerless as Protestant to produce any great religious art. I admit the fact and know of no further explanation than this: good art or poetry require a high class of mind, and they require a sensuous form; and the sensuous forms which

Christian ideas possess, in Catholic and Protestant orthodoxy alike, stand in such vital conflict with that which the best minds, however apparently orthodox, really believe and care for, that it is impossible for an artistic-religious enthusiasm to express itself in them.

Let us turn then to our second supposition. Let us assume that the current religious ideas, or at any rate their semi-historical, semi-mythological embodiments, are not objects of belief to the artist. In this case again he is not likely to use them for the purposes of his art; and the reason here is that he *disbelieves* in them. Of course he does not believe in the Greek or Scandinavian myths either; but then he is not surrounded by those who do, and the question of their literal truth simply does not occur to him. But this is an attitude of mind almost impossible towards the material in question. Perhaps the artist thinks it mischievous, and has what may be called a negative interest in it; in any case he will very rarely be able to look at it as he does at other subjects; and even if he can (as Goethe possibly did), he knows that his audience would not understand or appreciate him. And yet in this relation there lies perhaps the hope of better things. If these ideas are no longer, for the class of men who produce art or literature, the literal expressions of an absolute truth—if they no longer represent that which (let it be called by what name it will) is religion to these men—their *fundamental* unfitness as subjects for art is in principle overcome. There is no longer any but a social and temporary reason why they should not be treated freely. Is it too much to hope, then, that the process already begun in the minds of many religious men may be continued; that the historical and legendary vehicle of religious ideas may pass more and more (the more silently the better) into the background of their minds; that its acceptance or rejection may more and more be seen and felt to be of no moment

to religion itself? Then this material might again, though in another way, inspire art and poetry. And more than this: then we should not have to bear the loss too common now. We should not, because truth compels us to deny asserted facts and the inferences drawn from them, merely turn away from that which contains, in however unscientific a form, the spiritual experience of centuries of men greater than ourselves. What we must refuse to accept as historical fact or philosophic truth we should then be able to use freely as an expression of something permanently true, good, and beautiful: and, having no more regard for its original form than for that of Greek legend, no more respect for the first chapter of Genesis than for Hesiod's *Theogony*, our poets and painters might develop this figurative expression at will into the fit medium of a developed life.

How distant such a time must be, and how impossible it is to forecast the future of religion, no one who has thought about these subjects will need to be reminded. But that it need be so distant as some imagine, is open to doubt. I have spoken of a process, undeniably going on in the minds of educated men, by which certain ideas, once deemed essential to religion, and still generally considered to be so, are rapidly sinking into the practical insignificance which precedes theoretical disavowal. And it is a curious fact, and one which indirectly supports the view I am suggesting, that these ideas are, on the whole, just the ones which modern poetry has ventured to treat with freedom. If we leave the oratorio out of sight (and I am not sure that we need do so), it seems true that religious people in this century, at least in Teutonic countries, shrink from introducing into works of art the figures of those persons with whom they directly identify their faith. Where these figures have been introduced, it has usually been at the expense of poetry. Where they are introduced in a really poetical way,

there we have a sign that the mind is assuming a freer relation towards them, and that, however unconsciously to the writer or reader, they are becoming the mere symbols of something which he does not feel or think to be absolutely identical with them. If we ask ourselves what parts of the Christian theology have been used with the greatest freedom and success in modern art and poetry, we shall find them, I think, in the persons of the devil and the angels, and the ideas of the creation, of the day of judgment, and of heaven and hell.

These remarks will provoke objections from opposite sides. To those who are naturally offended by them, and may even repel them as an attack on religion, it would be vain to offer explanations. I can only say that I am sure these changes do not necessarily imply any decrease in religion, and I believe that, as a matter of fact, they mean its progress: for religion is not the same thing as religious ideas. And I will take one of the ideas referred to, and will ask such readers to consider honestly this question: Do they really and truly accept the orthodox idea of the devil in all its fulness, as the literally true expression of a fact; and do they find that it is in harmony with those ideas of God and of the nature of the world which govern their best actions, and which, therefore, they may be sure they do believe? And if they acknowledge that this particular idea cannot really claim to form part of their faith, I ask the further question, whether they consider that spirit or nature of evil, in which in some sense they must believe, to be better symbolised, not only for æsthetic but for religious purposes, by the devil of Luther or by the Mephistopheles of Goethe.

The opposite objection I can still less deal with at length. "If," it may be said, "the life of religion passes from its decaying forms, it is only to find new ones; and the duty of our poets and painters is to heal the breach between art and religion

by embodying the growing faith in new shapes. Or, if this is not yet possible, they should at any rate use their freedom, and look for subjects in the world itself, instead of trying to vitalise old interpretations of the world. Art had two great enemies, the dominion of theology and the prejudices of aristocracy: she has freed herself from both, and should look at life with open eyes. Why, most of all, not content with

Jove, Apollo, and Mars, and such raskaille,

should we interpose the shapes of eastern and northern mythology between ourselves and reality, and even attempt to preserve those portions of our own religious ideas the disappearance of which we ought to welcome?"

These doubts lead us back to the questions from which we started, and I must leave them undiscussed. A good deal in them seems to me to be well-founded, and they can appeal for confirmation to the greatest name in all literature. But art has many methods, and is the richer for it. If the finest works have been due, and are likely to be due, chiefly to this simpler relation of the artist to his subject, that is no argument against another relation too. It does not alter the fact I have tried to bring out, that ancient mythologies have yielded a most fruitful material for poetry. It does not weaken the plea for an extended use of this material. And, even if we admit that it is as yet scarcely possible for art to assume towards the mythological portions of our current religious ideas the attitude which I have tried to describe, it still seems to me that, at least in the measure in which ordinary men can use their imagination, it is possible even now for those who cannot accept the recognised beliefs, to preserve in this way among other and more indispensable ways a vital experience too easily thrown aside with its outer wrappage.

ANDREW C. BRADLEY.

LOST.

A STRANGE stillness and darkness, a gray, black twilight everywhere, broken only by a whiteness beneath; yet the darkness and stillness were nothing to me save as conditions that existed, but in which I had no concern. I passed out of the room, though no door opened for me, and down the stairs. There were faces I knew dimly, as in a dream; they went by sad and silent, not even seeing me. In a room beneath, where a flickering candle burnt, were two human beings, the one a babe sleeping in its cot; I stood by its side for a moment, not knowing what made me stay, but I saw the child's face, and felt a strange comfort from the sight. The other was a man sitting by a table, his arms stretched out across it, and his head resting down upon them. He did not move or stir, his face was hidden, but I knew that he was bowed down by sorrow, and there was something that drew me to his side that made me long to comfort him, to say pitying words, telling him how short were sorrow and sleep, how long were thought and waking. But the longing was undefined, and had no power to shape itself into action, and I stood silent and still. Then I put out my hand and touched his shoulder. He did not raise his head, but for the first time he moved, his frame was suddenly convulsed, and he sobbed bitterly. And so the night passed, he weeping and I watching, and stealthily and cruelly the morning light crept in at the staring uncurtained windows.

I was in the upper room again; I knew not how, nor how long after, for time and space had no more measure for me. I looked round the room; it was draped with white, and at one end there was a bed, and on it

the outline of a human form covered by a sheet. There seemed some dim memory hanging about the room; but that was all, for consciousness returns but slowly, and knowledge remains but of few things, and only of those beings that have made a mark upon our souls that even death cannot efface. The door opened, and the man who had been weeping below entered, and suddenly I remembered and knew my husband. His face was sad and pale, his eyes were dim, his head was bent, but he raised it for a moment as he entered, and looked nervously round the room. I held out my arms to him, but he passed me by taking no notice; I called him by his name, but he did not hear me. He went up to the bed, and, kneeling down, took the handkerchief from over the dead face; step by step I went forward to look at it.

It was my own!

"Ah! no, no, no!" I shrieked, "it is not I! I am here beside you, my husband! Oh! my love—my love—it is not I! I am here! Look at me, speak to me—I am here!" but the words died away, and he did not hear them, and I knew that sound had gone from me for ever. And still he knelt by the dead, giving it dear names, and showering down kisses upon it; and I stood by longing for all that was given for love of me, and yet not to me; stood looking with strange fear and shrinking at the white face and the still lips and the closed eyes—at that which had been my own self and was myself no more. But still he knelt there calling it me, and crying out to that which heard not, and saw not, and was but waiting for the black grave to hide it.

At last he covered the face with the

handkerchief again, and rose and left the room. I could not follow him, and waited in unutterable longing, to weep, but having no tears; to speak, but having no words; to die, but finding that time and death had passed by—that to death I had paid tribute and yet remained.

I looked round the room, and slowly there came dim memories of many things—of pain, and sorrow, and parting; of pain, that death had conquered, and that lay for ever vanquished in that still form; of sorrow, that death had left, and that only one soul could conquer—a soul still living within a human body. I knew the room now: it was the one I used to sleep in and had called my own; they had covered the furniture with white, and yet around and about lay things my hands had fashioned—hands that never more might stir a single leaf or move one atom from its place. Suddenly, in a corner of the room, I saw the uncovered looking-glass, and, wondering, remembered; and fearing and shrinking with a strange terror, I went forward, and standing before it, looked and saw—nothing. All else I saw—the room, the shrouded furniture, some fading flowers in a vase, the outline of the dead woman lying on the bed—everything; but of me that stood before it there was no sign, no trace—nothing—nothing. And still, scarce believing, and holding out my hands to it in my agony, I stood before it, but the vacant glass gave no sign, no trace; showed nothing—nothing. Then I understood—then I realised—that sight and sound knew me no longer, and that the eyes I loved were blind to me in their waking hours—blind for evermore while time should last; and time, that heaps dust on all things, would heap it up higher and higher between the memory of my face and him. But did he not feel my presence? did he not know that I was by him, and would be by him, until, at last, from out of the worn body, the soul

should slowly lift itself into that which is but one step higher in the universe?—till meeting should be again, and sorrow and parting no more? . . . For as the clay-fetters fall, dear, and the earthy chains one by one give way, our souls shall draw nearer and nearer, until slowly the mist shall clear and we shall see each other once more face to face, and out of the darkness of human pain shall come everlasting light. How the knowledge of this would help you! how it would comfort you to know that though sight and sound have gone, yet there is one thing that links the worlds together—one memory that binds the mortal to the immortal! For love, that is stronger than life, shall be stronger than death, and, passing on, shall look back upon death—the love that came to us from without, and shall pass out with us into that which ever has been and shall be, unto which no end is. . . .

Through all the long days that followed I was with him, through all his lonely hours and passionate grief. I stood by him while he slept, and whispered loving words into his ears, and he heard them and was comforted. And we travelled back together along the dream-road to all that had been in the far-off time, and the remembrance of old sweet days came before his sleeping eyes; but things were not as we had left them, but shaped themselves differently, and wore strange and terrible faces that made him start from his sleep and look round the dark room, half fearing, half wondering, and he saw, not me standing beside him, but only the black hopelessness of the night. Or I would say strange words to him as he slept—words that in life I had never said, so that he might know there was a meeting-time yet to come, for of that I dared not speak; but he would not hear them.

“Come to me in my waking hours,” he cried, and I could make no sign, no response. It is only in dreams that the

dead have power over the living, for theirs is the land of which the living see only fitful gleams in their sleep—a land where, to the living, all seems, and nothing is, and nothing earthly has an abiding place. “It is only a dream,” he would cry out in his despair; “it means nothing, it is only the fevered picture-making of my own brain.” Yet a world of our own creation we can in some way control; but in the world that we enter in our sleep, we have no power, no control.

At first I was always with him, for his thought and will and longing had power to bring me, to give me a voice in his dreams, to grant me a sight of his face, but I could not tell him; I could but wait and hope and wait again. . . .

Dear, was it only the clay that held you, was it only the touch of my hands that caressed you, the tone of my voice that ever had tender words for you, and the sound of my eager feet that hurried swiftly towards you ever, and stayed before you waiting? Was it not my soul you loved, and its human form but as the house in which that soul dwelt? For the body is but a mere accident, a chance garment flung aside and dropping to decay when no longer strong enough to hold the soul it covers, a refuge in which for a time we take shelter and use human symbols to do our work and say our say; a place of lodging for that which has been and is for ever, and which, while it stays in the body, is fed and strengthened and beautified, and then goes forth again, or is weakened and starved and disfigured, and at last is scattered to be gathered up no more. Was it not my soul you loved, dear, and that is not sleeping in the dead woman? Life was not only in the beating heart and aching head, but in the hurrying feet and tender hands and the little eager fingers, in every atom of flesh, and from every one of these it has gone forth and waits till you shall choose whether eternity shall be ours or not. . . .

I came to him and knew by his face that a long time had passed since our last meeting, and he was changed. Strange faces were around him, and strange voices pleased him, and the old tenderness was not in his eyes when he thought of me, and my flowers were no longer on his table, my portrait no more before him, and songs that had not been mine were on his lips. The brightness came back to his face and the happy ring to his voice, and he passed on into a world in which I had no part or memory. But I knew that it must be so, I would not have had him grieve always, and is not life sweet, even to those to whom death will be sweeter?

Fearing and dreading, I stood by his side once more, but only to know that the thought of me saddened him, to watch him struggle with the past, and try to shut out the remembrance of the dead face we had stood beside . . . and with him there was a woman, young and fair, fairer than I even in my fairest days, and in her eyes there was a look of love, and on her lips were tender words, and he looked down upon her face and listened to her just as, long ago, he had looked down at my face and listened to my words. I stood beside him and put my hand upon his arm, and he started as if he felt a deathly coldness. I tried to look into his eyes, but shudderingly he turned away. I whispered old words into his ear, and he heard them in his heart and remembered them, and I knew that thoughts of me were strong upon him; yet with a sigh he turned away and wound his arms round the woman who had taken my place. “He is lonely and sad,” I cried; “he cannot be always alone, without mortal hands to soothe him, and human tones to comfort him; it is this that draws him to her, for he is yet human. It is her humanity he craves to help him along the lonely road; the sound of a voice, the sight of a face, and all that I can be to him no more; but it is me he

loves, it is my face he shall see once more before him in his dying hour when the companionship of human life is ended.

It is not her soul that will know his when only love gives recognition, and only love may guide him over the great threshold. . . .

He rested his head upon her hair, and she whispered longingly, "If I had only had your first love!" He looked at her sadly and gravely, and into his voice there came a sweetness I had never heard, as he answered her slowly, "You have my *best* love." . . . And still I stayed looking at him and listening to him, knowing that I should do so nevermore—that now indeed was the great parting between us. For that which he had called love had been but a delight in sound and sight and touch, born of the flesh and dying with it, and not worthy of the name, and nothing else could bring me to him. And I would have been content, since he had willed it so, had she that was with him had power to give him a perfect love; but I knew that it was not so. And still I stayed, even while he clung to her until he shut his eyes so that in fancy he might not see me, and hid his face so that he might not hear me, and with a wrench he shut all remembrance of me out of his heart and turned to her again. . . . And then I fled out into the night, knowing that if we met again there would be no memory of me with him, for memory dies with the body unless it is strong enough to outlive death, or love is there to carry it on. And even if he saw my face again in some dim future of which I knew not yet, it would be strange to him, as a flickering thought that can be identified with no past and which we dare not call memory, is strange. For as the body knows much the soul may not remember, so has the soul secrets that can never be known to the body. . . . And I cried out to the darkness in my anguish, and the wind lent me its

voice and shrieked in at the crevices and beat against the windows; but I knew he standing within heard not or took no heed, and thought of nothing save of the woman beside him. "Oh, could you but know!" I cried, "could you but know how with our own hands we make our heavens and hells and the heavens and hells of those we love!" For that which is in our hearts to the end is always, and so ourselves do we work out our own immortality. The choice is with us, and the material in our own hands, to live or die even as we will; but to live the soul must have strength—strength that is greater than death, greater than the power that comes after to gather us in until separate life is ours no more, and the strength that is greatest is born of love that is perfect. And of perfect love are all things born, of love that in its highest has gathered beauty and knowledge and wisdom to itself, until the mortal life has become immortal and passes on with all things in its hands.

I do not know how far I went, on and on, into what strange lands, on and on, borne by the wind and hurried by the storm, making no sign, leaving no footprint behind. Sometimes it seemed as if the wind that met me understood, and went by moaning and pitying, and carried on, perhaps to him, some sad message, for in its tone there seemed a cry of parting and despair that was my own. . . . And then I went back once more to see the babe that had slept in its cot the night I had first stood beside my husband in his sorrow. There is only one being with which one's soul longs for affinity, an affinity born of love and sympathy, and now my soul knew that this was denied it; my thoughts went back to the child that was mine and his. And I loved it chiefly for the life that was in it—life that was his once and might know me still. I stole in the darkness through the quiet house, and found the room

where the child lay sleeping in its bed. I saw its face and its soft hair and closed eyes, and heard the sweet sound of breathing that came through its parted lips, and I longed for human life again, and would have given my soul up thankfully to have had my flesh and blood back for one single instant, to have held that little one in my arms. And I stooped and kissed it, but it turned shrinkingly away even in its sleep, and then, affrighted, woke and cried "Mother,

mother!" And from an inner room the fair woman came; but I stood close to the child still, and touched it softly; and again, shrinking and affrighted, it held out its hands to her and cried "Mother, mother!" and she took it into her arms, and the child looked up at her face and smiled, and was satisfied. . . . And I passed out into the night, and on and on for evermore, farther and farther away—on and on, seeking the infinite and finding it never. . . .

SIR DONALD STEWART'S MARCH FROM KANDAHAR TO KABUL.

THE following account of Sir Donald Stewart's march from Kandahar to Kabul in 1880 was written at the time and sent home for publication by an eye-witness of the events described. The letter-bag in which it was inclosed never, however, reached its destination; the messenger to whom it was entrusted having either been murdered *en route* or having himself made away with the letters which he was carrying. No detailed account of Sir Donald Stewart's march has, as far as we are aware, ever appeared in print, and what was undoubtedly a noteworthy military feat has been temporarily eclipsed by the glare of more recent events. We believe however that the march below described, accomplished as it was under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, is one which deserves permanent record, and with this explanation we submit the following brief narrative to our readers, couched as nearly as possible in the language in which it was written as the event occurred.

The long-expected order to march on Ghazni reached General Stewart's force in the third week in March, 1880. At that time the troops had been in garrison at Kandahar for nearly eighteen months. The circumstances of their life there had been exceptionally trying; the quarters provided for the men were cramped and uncomfortable; there was an unavoidable lack of amusement; all the small petty luxuries of a soldier's life were wanting; they had passed through a cholera epidemic of extreme severity; and they were daily exposed to the ceaseless attacks of fanatics or Ghazis who, individually, or in small numbers, never desisted from attempts¹ upon the lives

of men and officers, and whose presence in the city and neighbourhood made it imperative on every one to be always on the *qui vive*, and to go about fully armed. Life in Kandahar was, in short, tedious and uninteresting; and though Sir Donald Stewart, in his general order to the troops on leaving Kandahar, emphatically testified to their admirable conduct while in garrison, and to the absence of crime among them, there can be no doubt that the long period of forced inaction had been burdensome and trying for English and native troops alike. The order for the march was therefore most heartily welcomed by all, and within a very few days after its receipt, the First Brigade, moved into camp, and the whole force, inclusive of Sir Donald Stewart himself and the head-quarter staff, had quitted Kandahar by the 30th March. The First Brigade, which was to move up the Arghastān Valley was under General Barter, the Cavalry Brigade under General Palliser, the 2nd Infantry Brigade under General Hughes.

Sir Donald Stewart's departure gave rise to unfeigned regret in the minds of the Wali Sirdar, Shere Ali Khan, and the great majority of the native community of Kandahar. The influence which he had attained was widespread and deep-seated. His rule had been marked by decision and moderation, and above all by an absence of all unnecessary interference with the native officials and the people; the attitude of the troops towards the natives of the country had been unexceptionable, and security for life and property had been everywhere established among

¹ These attempts were at times of daily occurrence, and were often perpetrated by youths of eleven to fourteen years old, armed with

lethal weapons and characterised by a ferocity and determination beyond their years. Penal measures were found quite inefficient to stop them.

the people. Those well affected to the English also witnessed with dismay the departure of the Bengal troops accustomed to deal with the frontier tribes of India, and their replacement by the Bombay Sepoys reared in the more peaceful regions of the Deccan, and unfamiliar alike with the language or the customs of the Afghans. Many even at that date presaged difficulty and disaster from the change; but it was the departure of Sir Donald Stewart himself that was most deplored by all who, from whatever cause, desired the prolongation of English supremacy in Kandahar and the surrounding country.

During the preceding winter the mortality among the camels had been so severe, and the market was so badly supplied, that efforts almost superhuman were needed to get the requisite number of animals together for the march of Sir Donald Stewart's Division. Some idea of this number may be formed from the fact that the baggage train when in single file extended over nine miles. However, all the departments concerned—Quarter-Master General's, Political, and Transport, worked with right good will; both officers and men in the force met the difficulty half way by dispensing with every superfluous ounce of baggage; and the consequence was that within eight days from the receipt of the order, the various columns moved into camp fully equipped. Nothing but complete cordiality between all those concerned could have effected this result; nor would it have been possible had the force marched even a few days earlier, when the severity of the weather would have rendered it necessary for the sake of health that every preservative against cold should be taken with the troops.

As it was, the increasing mildness of the weather enabled regiments to dispense with their postbags, sheepskin coats, and warm clothing, and all superfluous baggage was lodged in the commissariat to be returned to India as occasion offered. Notwithstanding the difficulties experienced in

the matter of forage, and the very weak state in which many of the camels commenced their march, but 3 per cent of the whole number died between Kandahar and Kabul; and from this fact it may be judged how great an improvement had been effected in the transport department. From Kandahar to Shahjui, forty miles beyond Kelat-i-Ghilzai, the march of the troops was unattended by any interesting event. The programme originally laid down had been strictly followed. General Barter's brigade had moved up the Arghastán valley, marching parallel with the remainder of General Stewart's force, and on the day fixed emerged from the hills on to its appointed camping ground on the left bank of the Tarnak river, at the same hour as General Palliser's Brigade and the Headquarters pitched their tents at two miles distance on the right bank: and from that date the two brigades kept within sight of one another until a final junction was effected at Karabagh. Up to this point (Shahjui) the army had marched through a country that nominally at least was subject to Sirdar Shere Ali Khan, of Kandahar, and his officials, backed by the presence of our troops, had had but little difficulty in collecting supplies for us in his name. But from the date of our quitting Shahjui, until we marched into Ghazni, we traversed a purely hostile country; a large and daily increasing body of the enemy was, as we knew, marching at a considerable distance on our right flank along the skirts of the hills; and the inhabitants of the districts through which we passed, partly from doubt as to our intentions, partly from a feeling of hostility to ourselves—but still more from a fear of the retaliation that they might expect from the hostile tribes should they attempt to assist us with supplies—had quitted their houses *en masse*, burying their grain and provisions, and leaving nothing behind them but empty grain pits and deserted homesteads. To troops unaccustomed to Indian warfare, no course would have been

more embarrassing. At first sight on entering one of these deserted village clusters, it might well seem as if nothing was attainable, and that the troops at least must want for food, even if the horses and cattle found grazing on the young crops of clover or lucerne, which by this time were well above the ground. But it is an old adage, "Set a thief to catch a thief," and there were many Pathans and frontier men in our ranks to whom the policy now being pursued by the enemy was nothing new. It was wonderful to see the sagacity and readiness with which these warriors pounced upon the hiding places where the grain and provisions had been concealed; from the centre of newly-ploughed fields, from freshly-dug graves, from superincumbent dung-heaps, from the bottom of underground canals, from every conceivable and inconceivable place, were large stores of grain and flour dragged into light. On no occasion were the troops compelled to go entirely without food, though the natives especially were often on short rations, and for several days together were without flour, eating nothing but parched grain and sugar, and always cheerfully, and without a grumble or sigh of discontent. From the 12th to the 21st April the army had to forage entirely for themselves; but in no case was anything taken from the villages, save that which was absolutely necessary for the supply of the troops. On those rare occasions, when even a single individual was found to have remained in one of the deserted hamlets, payment was pressed upon him for all that was received. The inhabitants had ample notice of the requirements as well as of the friendly intentions of the English force, and knew that everything would be paid for at a liberal rate. Letters to that effect were always sent on two days ahead by the Political Officers, but they were never answered, and in most cases were brought back unopened. It was curious to notice that though the inhabitants had concealed their grain and provisions, they took no pains to

remove or hide their household utensils and property. The dwellings, many of them displaying in their interiors a neatness and cleanliness quite foreign to one's preconceived ideas of Afghan domestic life, had apparently been left in their normal state. Korans, carpets, looking-glasses, combs, cooking pots, were found scattered about the rooms and left untouched. The people must have been forewarned that English discipline admits of no promiscuous looting of undefended villages.

It was at Karabagh, 190 miles north of Kandahar, that General Stewart first received trustworthy intelligence of the numbers and constitution of the hostile gathering on our right, and of their avowed intention to fight at all hazards. At this time, however, the enemy were out of sight among the hills, being driven to a greater distance than before by the crowds of their deadly enemies the Hazaras, who, at the first sign of the approach of the English troops, swarmed down in thousands from the lofty mountains to the West. A great deal had been written and said about the advantages we should reap directly we got into the Hazara country; all difficulties about getting supplies and intelligence were at once to disappear; the Hazara tribes were in short to prove themselves most efficient and useful allies. Suffice it to say that so far from this being the case, from the moment that the first Hazara chiefs came into our camp at Karabagh, to the date on which at Ghazni the General finally dismissed in Durbar the very large gathering of chiefs that had by that time assembled, the presence of these men was to all concerned not only an immense and unmitigated nuisance, but a positive obstruction to our movements; while their conduct in looting and burning Afghan villages, and in slaying every Afghan man, woman, and child whom they met with on the road—as long as our presence secured them against retaliation—brought upon us the odium and responsibility of acts which we exerted ourselves to the utmost to prevent.

No words can convey an idea of the extent to which the feud between the Karabagh Afghans and their Hazara neighbours had been pushed. Neither age nor sex had been spared; children had been butchered, women foully dishonoured, and the graves of the dead everywhere desecrated. It seems hopeless to expect that the two tribes can ever again exist as heretofore in neighbourly juxtaposition one to another. The only satisfaction was that the most careful inquiry made on the spot elicited the fact that the Karabagh massacres could in no way, however remote, be ascribed to the presence of the British in Afghanistan. Nearer Ghazni the bitterly hostile feeling that existed between Afghan and Hazara, took its rise, no doubt, in the refusal of the latter to join in the war against the British, and the fighting engendered thereby was certainly embittered by the course of events in Karabagh. But the Karabagh massacres were mainly and primarily due to an attack made by the Hazara Malik of the Char-Dasteh tribe upon a defenceless village which had been purchased from him by a Kharoti Afghan several years before. The Afghans had lived for years at peace with their Hazara neighbours. Faiz Mahomed, the Hazara chief, thinking, however, that the disturbed state of affairs at Kabul afforded him a good opportunity of recovering gratis the property he had sold, planned an attack upon the Afghan village, and in the dead of night killed every man and child in it, distributing the women among his own followers. It cannot be wondered at that the thirst for vengeance on the part of the Afghans was deep, and not easily appeased; and the atrocities since committed by them upon the general body of Hazaras, without reference to their tribes, has of course intensified the deadly enmity between the two sections.

Of all the districts traversed by the army, since quitting Kandahar, none appeared so fertile as Karabagh, which is a very extensive

valley, bounded on the east and west by lofty mountains, with a never-failing supply of excellent water, and a most fertile soil. The traveller rides for miles through prosperous-looking villages and forts, all within a stone's throw of one another, and all surrounded by rich cultivation intersected by running streams. Forts and villages, however, were alike deserted, and a nearer inspection proved that the great majority of them had been fired and gutted, and nothing but the outward walls remained.

The army arrived in Karabagh on the 16th April, and halted there one day, as a rest was much needed by men and animals, and it was necessary to recruit the supplies. One Hindu merchant alone had remained in the district, and had collected a large quantity of grain and flour, for which he received liberal payment. The army could, however, have obtained ample supplies here for days by its own agency, had it not been for our so-called allies, the Hazaras. The pitching of our tents was, however, the signal for these men to come down in thousands from the mountains. They looted supplies that would have otherwise come to us, and day and night the horizon was aflame with the blaze of the villages which they had set on fire.¹ Their chiefs seemed to have no power over them, and their own answer to remonstrances was that as they had already suffered much, and were certain to suffer still worse, at the hands of the Afghans, they were bound to inflict all the injury possible upon their enemies while the opportunity offered. On the arrival of the English in Karabagh one of our foraging parties found 400 Hazaras squatting, fully armed, round a fort in which twenty-five Afghans had shut themselves up. These latter had

¹ On the return march of Sir F. Roberts's force to Kandahar in August of the same year the condition of affairs was entirely reversed. It was then the Afghans who were in the ascendant in Karabagh, and the Hazaras were everywhere deserting their villages and property, and fleeing for their lives.

intended to bolt on our approach with the rest of their compatriots, but had been surrounded by the Hazaras before they could get away, and when our party arrived they were found looking uncomfortably over the walls of their village at what must have seemed to them very like certain death. The Hazaras were quietly waiting until the gates should be opened to bring out provisions for us, when they intended to rush in and indulge themselves with a general massacre. It was with great difficulty that they were induced to retire and forego their bloodshed and booty, and indeed they did not budge until the Political Officer arrived and intimated to them very plainly that it would go hard with them if they attempted to attack the besieged Afghans. They then retired slowly and reluctantly, and their intended victims escaped during the night. By dawn the Hazaras had returned and burned the fort. On another occasion our advanced cavalry scouts surprised in a village two Afghan women who had come back to search for a child lost in the general exodus of the previous day. The Hazaras swore that these were women of their own tribe, intending doubtless to cut their throats; and it was piteous to see the terror of these poor creatures when they were taken before the Political Officer to have their fate decided. They were soon made happy, however, and being placed on a couple of donkeys were taken to our advanced picquets, and told to make the best of their way to the enemy's outlying picquets, clearly visible at about two miles distance; the excellent time which they and the donkeys mutually made across the intervening distance was refreshing to witness. This was the day before the action at Ahmed Khel.

It was at this place, Mushaki, on the 18th April, that the enemy first came into contact with our outlying picquets. For days previous we had been regularly informed by spies of their movements. Cavalry reconnaissances had observed large bodies

of horse and foot moving parallel with our line of advance but clinging to the hilly ground to the east, and the hillsides had every night been illuminated by their camp-fires. But on this day they came further down into the plain, evidently intending to make for Ghazni; and Sir Donald Stewart, who must have been certain of meeting them, did not apparently think it necessary on that day to drive them out of the village which they occupied at a considerable distance from the camp. At Mushaki our troops were still some thirty-two miles from Ghazni, and the intention had been to make three marches into the city—the first stage being fixed at Ahmed Khel. Shortly, however, before the advanced cavalry reached the intended camping-ground on the morning of the 19th, the enemy showed themselves in great force on some low hills on the left of the road two miles beyond; and Sir Donald Stewart at once determined to give them battle. The appearance of the foe as the English troops advanced to the attack was very picturesque. They were drawn up in the form of a huge parallelogram on the upper slopes of the hills; white and red standards fluttered at intervals along the line; drums were beating; mullahs were seen preaching and exhorting them in their midst; whilst inside the line, and in front of the black and serried mass of human beings, horsemen galloped to and fro, brandishing their swords, and making the air resound to the shouts with which they invoked the blessing of the Almighty.

The action of Ahmed Khel was commenced by Major de Grey Warter's troop of Horse Artillery at nine o'clock precisely; and from that time until 10 A.M., when the "cease firing" sounded all along the line, the roar of the guns and the rattle of the infantry fire never ceased for a moment. The attacking line of the English force was formed, and advanced in the following order. On the extreme right:—A-B R. H. A., and a Troop 19th

Bengal Lancers ; G-4 R. A. with wing of 19th Punjaub Native Infantry as escort ; on their left Lieutenant-General's personal escort of one Company 2-60th, one Company 25th P. N. I. ; then 59th Regiment, 2nd Sikhs, 3rd Goorkhas ; Cavalry Brigade half a mile to right rear, but as the action developed, the 2nd Punjaub Cavalry moved up to the right of the attacking line, and the 19th Bengal Lancers to the left.

At 8 A.M., when it was evident that a battle was impending, an express was sent to bring up half the available troops of General Barter's Brigade, which, by the fortune of war, had been only that day relegated to the duty of forming the rear guard, after having been in the front nearly the whole march from Kandahar. The 1st P. C. arrived from the rear in time to do excellent service on our right flank, and the 60th Rifles, who came up at a tremendous pace, were also able to form up on the right of the advanced line of infantry before the cease firing sounded, though they took little or no part in the action.

Our attacking line had hardly been formed when it was seen that so far from contemplating retreat the enemy were moving very slowly down the slope to our rencontre. Their advance was at first so gradual that their next movement took every one by surprise. Suddenly, with a tremendous shout, beating of tom-toms, brandishing of swords, and waving of standards, more than 3,000 Ghazis, horse and foot, detached themselves from the main body and came down the hill right into the thin line of British troops with a fury and determination that nothing could surpass. Met as they were by the full fire of our guns and infantry, they never turned or wavered for an instant, and before one could draw one's breath the more advanced among them were among the troops and fighting hand to hand ; while others, better mounted, who had outstripped the rest, had succeeded in getting round both flanks of our line and were bearing down on Sir Donald

Stewart and the head-quarter staff who occupied a low hillock in rear of the advanced line, and close to the reserves. Some of the Ghazis were actually killed within twenty yards of the general commanding, and they were at one time so close that Sir Donald Stewart himself and the head-quarter staff had to draw their swords in self-defence.

The momentary partial success which the Ghazis thus achieved can only be accounted for by the fact that their attack was made with such rapidity and such reckless and desperate courage that it fairly took our troops by surprise. They had hardly finished deploying, many of them omitted to fix bayonets, and there was for a few seconds a tendency among some of them to waver and form into small groups. This, however, passed away as instantaneously as it arose, and during the rest of the action the men's steadiness left nothing to be desired. The disregard for life which the Ghazis exhibited may be judged of by the fact that they charged up to within thirty yards of Major de Grey Warter's guns, then firing case and reversed shrapnell, and thus compelled him to retire his guns 100 or 150 yards, when he again came into action, the practice of his guns during the whole engagement being specially good.

Of the rest of the action little remains to be said. The enemy never ceased to advance in groups, firing their muskets, waving their swords and lances, and endeavouring to get up to our line. By this time, however, our men had settled down to their work, and their fire was such that nothing human could stand against it, not even the fierce fanaticism of our foes. Little by little the advancing groups became less numerous and less frequent, and at ten o'clock precisely the last of them were to be seen retiring over the hill and streaming by thousands in the far distance over the plain beyond. Had it not been that our enormous baggage-train had locked up a large

number of our cavalry, the enemy's losses in that direction must have been very severe, but as it was we could only spare comparatively few men to pursue our retreating foes.

As might have been expected, many extraordinary escapes are recorded among our officers and men. One subaltern of the 1st P. C. had his horse's tail clean cut off by a blow which was aimed at his own head by a mounted Ghazi; Captain Broome, of the 2nd P. C., had his charger's head cut nearly off; Captain Abbott, of the 19th B. L., had his revolver and case severed from his belt by a sword-cut which missed his body altogether; and the list of hair-breadth escapes might be multiplied *ad infinitum*.

The 19th Bengal Lancers suffered the most during the first Ghazi charge, for the enemy got amongst them while they were only on the trot, and the fighting consequently was very severe. In this regiment alone there were more than forty wounded, including Lieutenant Young, who was picked up with eleven wounds. When he was first brought in his case was considered hopeless; but a naturally good constitution, and the splendid air in these latitudes, enabled him to make a wonderful recovery. His horse, as the Ghazis were charging, was struck with a spent bullet, and bolted with him right into the middle of the enemy, by whom he was dreadfully cut about. Another officer severely wounded was Captain Corbett, R.A., who had both bones of his right arm broken by a pistol bullet. Our total list of casualties were 17 killed and 153 wounded.

After the action our men were much irritated at seeing several of their number shot or cut down by wounded Ghazis, whom they had gone to assist, and who attacked them as soon as they came within reach, fiercely refusing all quarter for themselves. The English who had fallen were buried on the field by the Rev. Mr. Warneford and the Rev. W. Allen, the English and Roman Catholic chaplains, before the troops moved on,

the graves being so arranged as to render their discovery by the enemy very unlikely. The native soldiery carried their dead into camp, and either burnt or buried them the same evening.

Brigadiers-General Hughes and Palliser were the brigadiers commanding during the action, under Sir Donald Stewart; Brigadier-General Barter being with the rear brigade in protection of the baggage.

The troops now marched across the field of battle on to their camp at Nani, eighteen miles distant from their starting point, and they did not arrive till 2.30 A.M. The weather during the whole day had been abominable. A fierce wind swept the plain, and raised vast clouds of dust. It was often impossible to see two yards in front, a circumstance which told in the enemy's favour, for in many instances it concealed their attacking bodies, and the fire from our troops was necessarily less accurate than it would otherwise have been. As it was we counted over 1,200 dead bodies on the field, and an equal number of wounded must certainly have been carried off. This estimate does not include those who fell before the fire from the guns of Major Tillard's heavy battery, which came into action from the summit of a hill some distance in the rear of the advanced line, and opened fire with most extraordinary precision at 3,000 yards, pitching their shells into large bodies of the enemy who had assembled on our left flank. These, however, were too far off to enable us to estimate accurately the number they killed and wounded.

Those who fought against us on this occasion were principally Tarakkis, Tokhis, Andaris, and Sulimán Khel Ghilzais. Their leaders were, Sher Jan—whose brother was killed by us at Shahjui last year, and who had sworn to revenge his death; Mahomed Aslam Khan, and Eusof Khan, the tutor of Sirdar Moosa Khan, who was forced by Mushki Alum to join the fight in which his brother and four favourite slaves were killed. No one joined the gathering from Ghazni, as the

inhabitants deemed it more prudent to await the result of the battle. It is certain however that they were prepared to rise against us, but the defeat the enemy sustained was so crushing as to render all thoughts of opposition utterly hopeless, and the next morning we received messages in camp to say that the fort and all within it were at the disposal of the English General.¹

The following three days were devoted by the enemy to burying their dead, the number of the slain having struck terror into the heart of the country. Afghan combatants generally prolong their engagements for days, with a singularly small percentage of casualties, so that this novel experience of the losses inflicted by us was as startling as it was disagreeable. It may be noticed here that among the enemy were twelve female Ghazis who had taken the oath of religious companionship, and were admitted to the privileges of their male companions on the understanding that they should follow the latter into action and bring them water in battle, &c., &c. One of these wretched creatures was found dead, shattered by a shell. After the battle all the prisoners were handed over to the Political Officer for disposal. The wounded had their wounds dressed in hospital, and, together with the unwounded, were eventually made over to the Sirdar Mahomed Alum Khan, at Ghazni, with directions that he should release them as soon as we had left. The same course was pursued with the prisoners taken on the 23rd at the subsequent action of Orzoo.

On the 20th the division marched to within five miles of Ghazni, encamping within sight of the city on the plain to the south. The same afternoon a body of our cavalry, under Major Lance and accompanied by Captain Gaselee, Assistant Quarter-

Master-General, [rode into the town to reconnoitre, and reported it to be in an almost ruined state and incapable of making any defence. The inhabitants professed themselves friendly, and no armed men were visible. Next day the whole force marched in and encamped on the Kabul side of the city, on nearly the same ground as that occupied by General Keane previous to the assault on Ghazni in the previous Afghan war.

Ghazni is a place (for it cannot be rightly termed a city) which, whatever its former claims may have been, is now of little or no importance. Its walls are of mud, and are already practicable in many places; while the citadel has no fortifications of its own, and is commanded from several points outside the walls. The houses are a conglomeration of two-storied mud dwellings arranged without any regard to symmetry. There is no bazaar worthy of the name, and no building that ranks above its fellows—the whole place is filthy, squalid, and mean. Notwithstanding the state of the fortifications, however, Ghazni would be still a difficult place to attack were it held by a determined enemy. The town is surrounded on every side by a mass of gardens with high mud walls, and covering a considerable extent of country. Were these to be well defended, they could not be taken without a severe loss of life on the attacking side. The only objects of interest at Ghazni are the two minars, one hundred yards apart, which tradition declares mark the spot where Mahmoud Shah formerly held his Durbars; and the famed Kabul Gate where Sir Henry Durand, then a lieutenant in the Engineers, covered himself with glory. In olden times Ghazni extended from the Sher-dána Pass on the north to the Karabagh district on the south, a distance of forty odd miles, in one unbroken mass of streets and buildings, and it is said that these minars were erected to aid ambassadors and pilgrims from foreign lands in finding the residence

¹ Sir F. Roberts's force, in its march to Kandahar, passed over the field of Ahmed Khel, which was found covered with graves, and with a rude monument erected to "martyrs who had been slain there for the sake of God and the prophet."

of the King's Majesty. The tomb of Mahmoud Shah, situated in the beautiful garden and village of Roza to the north, also merits notice. It is, however, in sad disrepair, and appears to have no endowment for its maintenance. It is still regarded with great veneration, and is the resort of numerous pilgrims, its undoubted antiquity investing it with a peculiar claim to sanctity in the eyes of Mohammedans. The Somnath gates are indeed no longer there; but they have been replaced by a very good imitation, executed, as we were told, by the voluntary efforts of all the skilled artificers in wood and iron who could be found, after the famous originals had been carried off to Hindustan. The wood used is stained to resemble sandal wood, and is probably either fir or some equally soft wood. The workmanship is very creditable, and the imitation is said to be fairly carried out.

The English force remained at Ghazni for four days, during which they had another engagement with the enemy, who however fought with far less courage and dash than they had shown in the previous battle.

On the 22nd April news was brought to Sir Donald Stewart that a considerable body of Ghazis had assembled in the villages of Orzoo and Shalez, eight miles to the south-east, and on the next day a body of cavalry were sent out to reconnoitre their position. They brought back a confirmation of the report, estimating the Ghazis at from six to eight thousand men. Sir Donald Stewart then ordered out two brigades under, the command of Brigadier-General Palliser, to dislodge them the next morning, and our troops starting at a very early hour succeeded in taking them completely by surprise. The two villages which formed the right and left of their position were vigorously shelled by our artillery, without, however, causing the enemy to disperse; and General Palliser considering the position too strong to be carried by the infantry at his command, made

a feigned retreat in the hope of enticing the enemy out into the open. This stratagem, however, failed, and he then sent back for more definite orders. Sir Donald Stewart at once went himself to the scene of action, and ordered an immediate assault of the position, which was completely successful. As might have been expected, the enemy would not go into the neighbouring villages, where on the advance of our troops they would have been caught like rats in a trap, but fled in confusion over the plain, having sustained a loss of 400 killed and wounded. Our loss was happily only two killed and twelve wounded.

The effect of this affair was more important than we could have hoped for. By the statements of the prisoners brought in—statements that were afterwards confirmed from other sources—we learnt that the body of 6,000 or 8,000 men we had just routed, was but the advanced guard of a gathering of from 20,000 to 30,000 men who had assembled in the Shilgir valley near the Fort of Mushki Alum, and, under the impression that we intended to remain at Ghazni, were preparing for a desperate attack on our position. Their defeat on the 19th had somewhat shaken their courage, and the subsequent surprise and rout of their advanced guard on the 23rd fairly broke up the gathering, its dispersion being accelerated by the news that we had no intention of holding Ghazni, and by the contradiction thus given to the assertion of their leaders, that we meant to keep the country. As we left Ghazni we heard that the assemblage had entirely melted away.

In all these events we had positive proof that the chief instigator was the old Mullah Mushki Alum, who is apparently irreconcilable. His two sons are the principal instruments of mischief, for he himself is over ninety years of age, and can only travel recumbent on a litter carried on men's shoulders. He is held in extraordinary veneration by the tribes, and though it is asserted that his sons do not particularly care about their

work, still they are compelled to execute their father's behests, as they dare not disobey him. Our last success had the further advantage of greatly diminishing our difficulty in obtaining supplies. During the first two days of our halt at Ghazni, a very small amount was brought in, the villages promising much but doing little, not daring to give us assistance until the Ghazis were dispersed. This done, we had no further difficulty on the head of supplies.

The feelings of the Ghazni inhabitants and of the Tajik villagers were at best very uncertain, and so little could they be trusted that, when our troops left camp for the action at Orzoo, the chief Political Officer was directed to take stringent measures to prevent any disturbances in Ghazni itself, and Major Clifford was accordingly sent down to the city at daybreak with four companies of the 19th P. N. I., and kept the gates closed and the town under observation till the return of our troops to camp at 4 P.M.

In this action at Orzoo the utility of the heliograph was strikingly shown. Lieutenant Dickie, R.E., was in charge of the signalling operations, and arranged for five stations—one with the advanced body of our troops—one under cover half way between them and the camp, a third with General Stewart and the head-quarters, and a fourth at the citadel of Ghazni, which communicated with the fifth station in camp. In this way, at each moment of the day, the General-in-Chief was kept informed of all that was going on in every direction, and at the close of the engagement he expressed his high approbation of the manner in which this department had been managed.

The following day Lieutenant Dickie succeeded in opening communication, from the summit of the Shir Dana Pass, with General Ross's division forty miles distant at Sheikabad, and through them sent messages to Kabul, receiving in return the first intelligence of the disastrous collapse of the Conservatives, who, when the army left Kandahar, seemed in a fair way

to secure a second long lease of power.

Before marching from Ghazni, Sir Donald Stewart had to consider and provide for the necessity (which undoubtedly existed) of establishing some sort of provisional government, which pending the final settlement of affairs at Kabul should tend to restore confidence and security to the town and villages, the people having suffered severely during the late period of anarchy. Had it been decided to maintain a British force at Ghazni this would have been easy enough, for any governor appointed by the English would have had the power, as long as he was supported by British troops, to rule and collect revenue, even if he disappeared altogether on the withdrawal of the British forces. Such a measure would, however, have entailed upon the English General the obligation of upholding any nominee of the English, and guaranteeing his position, and this, as may be presumed, he was unwilling to do. The difficulty was temporarily solved by Sirdar Mahomed Alum Khan, who came to solicit our aid, stating that with the concurrence only of Sir Donald Stewart he was ready to undertake the government of the province, provided that Moosa Khan (the so-called heir apparent) were permitted to return and reside under his charge.

Sir Donald Stewart received many petitions in support of this request, and, after due consideration, he notified his consent to the Sirdar's proposal, and addressed to him a special proclamation for public information. This arrangement gave general satisfaction at the time, for the Sirdar possessed the goodwill of the people around Ghazni, and had also great influence amongst the Hazaras; and it also quieted the people, for they saw that the victorious English general was willing to make over a city and district which were absolutely at his mercy, to be administered by one of their own Sirdars, and the oft-repeated statement that the English

wished for no undue influence in the affairs of Afghanistan thus received striking confirmation. It must further be remembered that no British troops were to be maintained at Ghazni, and therefore there was nothing whatever to prevent the Sirdar and his adherents from adopting for themselves the same measures which had now been put in force with the sanction of the English general. In the former case however the British Government would not have gained the credit of what was done.

Whilst at Ghazni many letters and messages were sent in by the insurgent chiefs, expressing their willingness to make their submission. To all such the invariable reply was sent, that should they do so they had nothing to fear for past misdeeds, the intention of the Government being to effect a speedy and satisfactory settlement for the future, without any reference to the occurrences of the past. At the same time no temptation was held out to them to come into the British camp, as it was considered that submission tendered under such influences was worse than valueless.

The British army finally quitted Ghazni on the 25th April, and marching slowly, on account of the wounded, through the Wardak valley, effected a junction with General Ross's division, with which heliographic communication had been opened from Ghazni, on the 29th of the same month.

The Shir Dána Pass to the north of Ghazni, sufficiently formidable in winter, now presented no difficulties to the passage of our artillery; our march through the Wardak valley was uneventful, and the people being friendly, we had no lack of supplies. On the 27th General Hills, C.B., V.C., who had accompanied General Ross's Brigade from Kabul, rode thirty miles into camp to meet Sir Donald Stewart and the Division with which he had for many months been previously connected as Adjutant-General. He brought the first postal intelligence we had received from the outside world since leaving Kandahar.

During the march from Kandahar the weather had been splendid. The mornings, especially at 3.30 A.M., at which time the troops usually turned out for the march, were generally intensely cold, with a searching keen and bitter wind; but from sunrise to sunset the climate left nothing to be desired. The purity of the air and the delicious weather had a most beneficial effect on the men wounded at Ahmed Khel and Orzoo. Under any circumstances the presence of many wounded men with an army on the march must be attended by grave inconveniences both to themselves and to the troops. These were, however, mitigated as much as was possible by the splendid weather, and the arrangements which Sir Donald Stewart was enabled to make for their comfort. After leaving Ghazni the army only made short stages until it reached the Logar valley, where a long halt enabled most of the men to make a speedy recovery.

On the morning of the 30th April the division paraded, in order that Sir Donald, who was proceeding to Kabul, might bid farewell to officers and men, which he did in a few well-chosen words. He was guilty of no flattery in assuring the troops that no officer could ever hope or desire to command a finer body of men. He had proved them in all seasons and under all circumstances, and had never found them wanting. And he expressed absolute confidence in their power to perform any duty which might be set before them. The severance of the tie which had existed for so many months between Sir Donald Stewart and the force was not accomplished without keen regret on both sides, and the troops would gladly have learnt that there was again a prospect of serving under his orders.

Next day Sir Donald Stewart marched towards Kabul with General Ross's Division, taking with him his own personal escort, consisting of two companies 60th Rifles, two companies 25th P. N. I., and one troop of the 19th B. L., who had been in attendance on

him during the campaign. His chief of the staff, Colonel Chapman, also accompanied him to Kabul, thereby entailing upon the Kandahar force a loss they could ill afford. From the commencement of the campaign Colonel Chapman had worked for the good of the troops with untiring zeal and ability; and the excellent arrangements, carried out with unfailing exactitude, in the course of this long march, during which not a single camp follower was lost or a single animal carried off by the enemy, may be in a great measure attributed to his energy and able supervision, associated with his widely extended experience.

The Ghazni field force then marched straight into the Logar valley, where it remained until the first week in August, 1880, when it returned to India, with the exception of General Barter's brigade, which was incorporated with Sir F. Roberts's force, and marched once again south to the relief of Kandahar. On this occasion it was commanded by Brigadier-General, now Sir Charles, Macgregor, K.C.B. General Barter had been sent to Nedid invalided.

It will be seen from the foregoing account that the Division under Sir Donald Stewart reached Ghazni, a distance of 234 miles, in twenty-one days after leaving Kandahar. This time, which gives an average of over eleven miles a day, includes two days' halt at Kelat-i-Ghilzai and Karabagh. It must be remembered, however, that the baggage of the Division was carried almost exclusively by camels, and that, included in the force, was an elephant heavy gun battery and an ordnance field park, which, from the nature of things, prevented anything like rapid

marching. Add to this the fact that for many days together the army were (unless they trenched upon the reserve supplies) almost entirely dependent for their forage and provisions upon what they could forage for themselves after arrival in camp—in many cases late in the afternoon—and that for the first few marches a very large number of men and animals, who had been incapacitated by their long and forced inaction at Kandahar for regular marching, were knocked up and became *hors de combat*,—and it will be acknowledged by all acquainted with military matters that the army did well in maintaining an actual rate (counting halts) of over eleven miles a day for twenty-one consecutive days, during which period their reconnoitring duties were of an extended and unusually trying character, and in which time also they fought and won a general action.

It may be asserted that had it not been for the Elephant Battery the rate of progress would have been even greater than it was, but it was indeed only owing to the ceaseless care and affectionate supervision that Major Tillard exercised on behalf of his elephants that the army had never to halt on their account. When at Ghazni the bullocks of the Battery temporarily succumbed to disease, brought on by their having over-eaten themselves in the green lucerne fields around Ghazni, the sympathy felt for Major Tillard could not have been exceeded; it was, if possible, heightened by the knowledge that, so far as Ghazni was concerned, all that officer's care and trouble had been expended to no purpose. There was nothing at Ghazni worthy of the attention of his forty pounders.

THE ENGLISH COMMUNITY IN IOWA.

THERE is an old story of a Western American who met a Southerner and fell to boasting of the riches and wonders of "the Great West." The dispute waxed hot till the western man essayed to close it with a characteristic bit of Johnsonian logic. "Sir," he said, "I'd rather be the meanest citizen of my state than the greatest white man yours ever produced." "Well," returned the other, "I reckon you've got your *druther*." The story illustrates a peculiar trait in the American character—a certain sublime self-confidence, and imperturbably circumstantial reasoning—qualities which are valuable enough when backed by a country so rich in all the elements of material prosperity, but which are apt to make their possessors blind to the proportions of things and forgetful of the fact that the work of a generation cannot be done in a day.

Some such logical shortsightedness as this seems to pervade the many prospectuses of agricultural schemes which the year 1880 has brought forth. Each vaunts his particular locality, and, with one honourable exception lately exemplified in the pages of this Magazine, offers a golden road to the distressed British farmer, or to the small capitalist or cadet, who can find no place in the old country. It is a sort of beggar-my-neighbour game of fortune-making, and the wonder to outsiders is how there can be so many Paradises, and how it is that we have been left so long in benighted ignorance of them. But the problem which has called into existence this idea of land owning in America is not less a real one. The ability of America to feed the world is working a momentous social as well as economical change. The object of the present article is to give, in contrast with the estimates of others, an accurate account of the results obtained through four years' labour,

by a certain English colony in Iowa, so far as the history bears on the present difficulty of the English country gentleman—how to recover his rents, and provide for his younger sons.

Although the colony had no formal founding and is only now building a church of its own, it numbers over 500 souls, including women and children, and not less than 120,000 acres have already been taken into cultivation, representing a capital of about 250,000*l*. It may be said to date from the visit to America in 1876 of a well known Cambridge University oarsman. He had made up his mind that if it was necessary to take risks with the view of making money no two were in the long run better to take than those which have never failed mankind since the world began:—the risk of the fruits of the earth, and of the westward spread of population. His visit taught him the lesson which two years later began to be forced upon people in England, that the American growth of grain and kindred products was still in its infancy. He realized in 1877, in the depth of the commercial depression, when about half the American nation was going through the bankruptcy court, and when people were saying that the future of trade was loss and not profit, that, notwithstanding, the farmers of America as a class were making money. The question turned on the cost of transportation. A few years before they had burnt Indian corn for fuel on the Mississippi River steamboats, and wheat had been left to rot in Californian fields. It cost too much to carry it where it was needed. But happily the means of transportation had been developed to an extraordinary extent. Railways and canals had been made far beyond the traffic requirements of the country, and when in the depression of 1874-8 there was less to

carry, the fiercest competition ensued between the companies. Grain was at one time carried from Chicago to New York, 1,000 miles, for 10 cents per 100 lbs., or less than a fourth of the price that had been charged a few years before, and simultaneously freights across the Atlantic were reduced from 10s. to 5s. per ton. Of course most of the railway companies went into bankruptcy, but the discovery was made that it is not so much "the long haul" as the terminal charges which constitute the cost of transport; and the eventual consolidation of rival and insolvent systems, together with the increased tonnage which followed the reduction of rates, confirmed the policy of cheap freights.¹

The pioneer of the English Colony in Iowa saw the opportunity, and his only difficulty was which state to choose. His inclination was for either Canada or Virginia, and if he had thought of risking his fortune in wheat growing alone, as distinguished from Indian corn, and from sheep and cattle farming, he would have gone to Manitoba, or the Red River of the North. Or if his object had been merely "to get a living" in a delightful climate, and within reach of society, he would have chosen Virginia. As it was, after investigating both, he relinquished Ontario and Virginia because of the fancy price of their good

lands, while the unoccupied land was heavily timbered, and required expensive preliminary labour before it could be made fit for farming, and went further west to look at Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Minnesota, and Iowa. Without going into the merits and demerits of each the following are briefly the reasons, in his own words, which induced him to purchase in 1877 the first 3,000 acres in North Western Iowa:—

"(1) It is close to the Missouri river and only some 450 miles from Chicago, the greatest market of its kind in the world, and the population of the district is already sufficient to furnish a considerable local demand for agricultural produce. Within reach of our headquarters there are no less than four rival routes to Chicago, which insure to the farmer the benefit of competitive rates of transport; it is, in fact, difficult to get more than ten or eleven miles from a railway. These favourable conditions never existed for Indiana or Illinois, from which States the cost of carrying grain to the east was formerly prohibitive.

"(2) Clearing, which alone would cost from 3s. to 4s. per acre, is not needed, for it is a "prairie" or grass country. The soil, for 20 to 50 feet deep, of the Missouri slope is of the character known as the "bluff" deposit, combining perfect natural drainage with a surface accumulation of from two to six feet of decayed vegetable growth for manure.

"(3) Beside oats, barley, flax, and vegetables, Iowa and Southern Minnesota grow both the staple crops, Indian corn and wheat. The lands in America upon which it is possible to grow Indian corn are well defined and of limited extent, and it has been estimated that only about 5 per cent. of them can still be bought for less than 30s. an acre. Over and above the local consumption for fattening stock, the export has increased in ten years from 7,000,000 to 85,500,000 bushels, and Europe is only beginning to learn its use. In North-Western Iowa and Southern Minnesota the average yield is not less than in the great corn State of Illinois, viz., 40 bushels per acre in uplands, and 60 bushels in bottom lands. It follows that the district is adapted for cattle and sheep-farming on the most economical conditions. The climate is sufficiently temperate, pasturage is still free, and Indian corn is the cheapest food known for fattening. Moreover, the combination of Indian corn with wheat on the same farm provides continuous occupation for the farmer, and avoids the enforced idleness which exists on farms devoted to one crop alone.

"(4) The eastern half of Iowa is already thickly populated, and land there is worth from 8s. to 15s. an acre. The next wave of

¹This great economical change is well illustrated by the following table compiled from the reports of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway which runs eastward out of Chicago to Buffalo, 560 miles, or more than half way to New York. The average rate (which includes that on local freight) shows a continuous reduction, which has been more than compensated by increased tonnage:—

	Tonnage Mileage.	Rate per Ton per Mile.
1870.	574,000,000.	1'504 Cent
1871.	633,500,000.	1'391 "
1872.	925,000,000.	1'374 "
1873.	1,054,000,000.	1'335 "
1874.	999,000,000.	1'180 "
1875.	943,000,000.	1'010 "
1876.	1,134,000,000.	'817 "
1877.	1,080,000,000.	'864 "
1878.	1,340,000,000.	'734 "
1879.	1,733,000,000.	'642 "
1880.	12,000,000,000.	1'690 "

immigration, which has already begun, may fairly be expected to overlap the western half and equalise values over the state."¹

Mr. Close's lead has been followed by many university and public schoolmen, some of whom have already made homes for their wives and families.

Probably no Ekist ever found the temper of his companions wholly proof against the discomforts which necessarily attend settling in a new country. It is not every one, for instance, who can endure with equanimity the complete absence of good servants unless imported from England, or not to have his boots blacked except for an extra payment of ten cents, or to get nothing but tea and coffee to drink, and that none of the best, and only salt pork badly cooked to eat, when off the beaten track. Moreover, the natives of the country, when travelling, whether to inspect land or to buy stock, and stopping for the night, as the custom is, at the nearest farm-house, for a charge of 25 cents, as if it were an inn, sleep two in a bed, and do not wash; and an Englishman would give great offence who refused to conform to the first part at least of the custom, if the lack of accommodation made it necessary. Nor again does Iowa enjoy the equable cold of the "isothermal" region. It does not matter how many degrees below zero the thermometer is, if only it is perfectly still, and the sun is shining. But Iowa is liable, occasionally in the winter, to wind and low temperature combined, and then if one be delicate, there is nothing for it but to stay in houses which are well built and warm. Lastly, there is the difficulty which every raw young Englishman finds in dealing with the natives of a country where everything has its price. To buy land from an Iowa agent, or stock from a Minnesota farmer, and not get the worst of the bargain, requires a peculiarly level head, and a fool and

his money are parted at least as easily as in the old country.

Against these drawbacks the pioneers of the colony provided by building houses on their own farms, and were willing for a premium, as into an office or chambers, to receive certain of the new-comers, so as to show them all they had themselves done, and help them in their dealings with the local farmers or land agents, until they were able to make a start for themselves. The system has on the whole worked much better than could have been expected considering that many of the new-comers came out with somewhat extravagant notions, and were as ignorant of how to hold their own in matters of business as they were of practical farming. Fortunately, the open-air life is a healthful one. The absence of good turf is the only thing which so far has prevented much progress being made with cricket and football. But a man may be less pleasantly employed than in riding over the prairie through lanes of flowers—sunflowers if he likes them!—or in herding and driving cattle in the summer months, while there is fair quail or prairie chicken-shooting in the autumn, and duck or wild goose as the winter begins and ends. Nor with so large a number of fellow-countrymen within reach is it possible to lack a congenial friend in time of need.

But the success of the colony rests not on the pleasures of the life, but on the substantial profit which has attended its farming operations. In one or two instances the recent hard winter has caused losses of sheep to those who were too late in putting up their yards for shelter; but this does not affect the conclusion that every one is or ought to be a richer man for having gone to Le Mars. The oldest farms are those on the 3,000 acres bought by Mr. W. B. Close in 1877. He was too late that year to plough it properly for the coming season, and the first full crop was for the year 1879. The method, which has been

¹ Page 5 of a pamphlet by W. B. Close, printed privately for the information of those who contemplate going out to Iowa.

gradually perfected, is to break the land up into farms of 160 acres each with suitable buildings on each farm.

"Our system," says Mr. Close, "is, not to hold virgin land on the chance of a rise in value, but, by building houses and ploughing the sod, to improve the property we buy and make it productive of income, wherein we conceive lies the distinction between legitimate business and speculation in land. Each 160 acres is let as a rule to one tenant, who provides labour and machinery, paying us rent for wheat lands in kind, on the half-share system, as exemplified below, and for Indian corn lands at about 8s. per acre. The tenant's own labour, with one assistant, usually a son, is enough, except at harvest-time, to cultivate 160 acres, if divided between wheat and Indian corn. Thus our labourers are directly interested in the yield, and we think we combine the economy of large holdings with the efficiency and productiveness of small. In 1880, and for 1881, we could have let our farms twice over. Every 40 farms or thereabouts are placed under the superintendence of a steward, who is controlled directly by ourselves. The following are statements of expenditure and receipts for two farms of 160 acres each, bought in 1878 and 1879 respectively. They are chosen as average specimens, and the figures fairly represent results for the year 1879, and for 1880 as far as received:

"(1) In 1878, cost, with improvements, of N.W. quarter of section 14; Township 85; Range 41; Crawford county:—217*l*. 7s.

"There were only 90 acres 'broken,' which were sown with wheat as being peculiarly adapted to land newly taken into cultivation. The yield for 1879 was 1,373 bushels, or an average of 15½ bushels to the acre. Our rent was one half share, or 686½ bushels, which we sold in granary, at 4s. 2d. per bushel, for 143*l*. 0s. 5d. From this had to be deducted the cost of seed, 16*l*. 10s., taxes and insurance 3*l*. 18s., which are landlord's working expenses, and depreciation of buildings, say 5 per cent., 3*l*. 12s., leaving net return of 119*l*. 0s. 5d., or 55 per cent. Had 150 acres out of the whole farm been broken, as at present, the net return would have been proportionately more.

"(2) In 1879, cost, with improvements, of N.W. quarter of section 12; Township 91; Range 43; Plymouth county:—247*l*.

"140 acres were broken, and the yield (1880) of 100 acres was 1,975 bushels of wheat, or 19½ bushels to the acre; our share was 987½ bushels at 3s. 1½d. per bushel—154*l*. 6s. The remaining 40 acres were sown with Indian corn and thrown in at 7s. per acre, or 14*l*., making a total gross return of 168*l*. 6s., or, less seed, 18*l*. 6s. 8d., and taxes, insurance, and depreciation of buildings, 8*l*. 5s. 8d., a net return of 57 per cent.

"The rent of Indian corn lands is payable in cash, owing to the difficulty of collecti g it

in kind. The average is 8s. per acre. Had the whole of the above farm of 160 acres been sown with Indian corn, and let at that rate all round as is customary, the cash return would have been 64*l*., or 26 per cent. net.

"Flax is grown as yet only for the linseed, and our own experiments have until this year been on a small scale. The present returns are still incomplete, but there will be an average of about 10 bushels per acre, and the price in the local market is 80 to 100 cents per bushel.

"The only farms that we keep in our own hands are for cattle and sheep. The returns are as large as those from wheat, and surer, but they are slower, and more capital is needed. We have three stock farms, the results of which we shall be prepared to show to whomsoever it concerns.

"For the last two years Woodbury, Plymouth, and Sioux counties, have been the centre of our operations, but the influx of Englishmen and well-to-do settlers has exhausted the cheap land, and permanently raised values in that neighbourhood.

"Land that we bought in

1877 in Crawford County for	Virgin Land.
1878 in Woodbury and Plymouth	\$2.75 to \$3.25
1879 in do.	\$2.25 to \$3.50
1880 in do.	\$3 to \$4
1880 in Plymouth and Sioux	\$4 to \$6

is now worth

Virgin Land.	Improved Land.
\$10 to \$15	\$15 to \$25
\$7 to \$10	\$15 to \$20
\$6 to \$10	\$12 to \$15
\$6 to \$10	\$12 to \$15."

It will be seen that the above system is not so much one of farming as of land owning, and the scale upon which it is practised provides sufficient occupation for a large organization. Other members of the community work their own farms, instead of letting them to a tenant, hiring the labour they require at an average for the whole year of about 3*l*. 10s. a month and board. Contract work by the piece is largely employed. Labour is plentiful, and it is not worth while for any one who cannot command some capital to attempt to make a start in Iowa.

The practical question after all is what is there still left to be done? To get cheap land you must now go farther north towards the Minnesota boundary. Buildings and labour also cost more. In short the capital cost of a farm ready for a tenant on the preceding system may vary from 340*l*. to 400*l*. The following table

will enable those whom it concerns to calculate future returns from wheat, if the yield and price of previous years are any guide. The seed required is $1\frac{1}{2}$ bushels per acre; taxes and insurance are about 3*l*. 10*s*. per farm:—

Year	Average yield per acre.	Average price in granary per bushel.
1877	17 bushels	3 <i>s</i> . 5 <i>d</i> .
1878	11 "	2 <i>s</i> . 6 <i>d</i> .
1879	15 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	3 <i>s</i> . 9 <i>d</i> .
1880	19 $\frac{3}{4}$ "	3 <i>s</i> . 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ <i>d</i> .

The table is instructive, because in 1878 the wheat crop was locally a failure, and yet the price was about the lowest known. An average yield is 15 bushels. The present cash rent of Indian corn farms averages \$2 per acre. As the district becomes populous, it will probably rise till it approximates to the \$4 per acre paid farther east.

So far the colony has had nothing but success. The test will come whenever there is a bad harvest from locusts, or drought, or storms, or any other cause. Or it may come sooner, whenever a good harvest in Europe happens to coincide with one in America. At the present rate at which land is being taken up in the North-west there may be a struggle to sell all the wheat that will be grown. In that day the railways will have to carry cheaper still; the farmers will insist on it in their State Legislatures; and if the analogy of the past twenty years is any guide, they will be able to afford it. The rates of carriage west of Chicago are still more than double those east. The, as yet, unascertained economy of the steel rail and a possible saving of the great waste that still exists in motive power of locomotives, not to speak of what science may still do in marine engines, together with the rapid building, or over-building, of railways in America and Atlantic shipping, must make us prepared for lower prices for wheat than have been known before.

The process of falling prices for grain, and perhaps increasing cost of production, may be unpleasant, especi-

ally if conjoined with any scarcity of good tenants; but the world can take a great deal of wheat at a price, and the Iowa colonist can afford to see a very low price. Mr. Close sums up as follows the strength of the landowner's position on the half-profit system as exemplified above, and allowing the cost of land at 25*s*. per acre:—

"He might see the yield down to 7 bushels per acre, and the price at granary down to 1*s*. 9*d*. per bushel, and still clear 5 per cent. upon his outlay. An average yield is 15 bushels, and the lowest price known so far in the local market is 2*s*. 5*d*. At this point, if not before, the system must break down, for the tenant would be making a mere labourer's wage. But the hypothesis is sufficiently extreme. Further, in the event of a total failure of crops, he stands to lose nothing in contrast to large farmers who own their own machinery and hire their own labour, &c. but the interest on his money, and his expenses for seed, taxes, insurance, &c."

But the changes which will be involved in a further increased production of grain and corresponding cheapening of the cost of living are so worldwide and intricate, that it is wiser not to attempt to forecast them, just as it is impossible to fix any absolute minimum price, whether it be 46*s*. or 36*s*. or less, at which wheat will be laid down at Liverpool hereafter. The factors are too variable and complex. Whenever perils are at hand for the colony in Iowa, it is to be hoped that the same capability and courage will be available which has served them hitherto. Iowa relies on the diversity of its products, and already the colonists are devoting their attention to cattle and sheep rather than to wheat.

Meantime, those who have the heads and hearts to put into such an enterprise may be reminded of Horace Greeley's words when asked his advice—words which have just been prefixed by an American contributor to his article in an American magazine¹ upon the English Colony in Iowa,—“Young man, go West.”

ROBERT BENSON.

¹ Harper's *Monthly Magazine*, April, 1881.

A SHORT PLEA FOR SCIENTIFIC AGRICULTURE AND FOR AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.

AMONG the crowd of inconsistencies and contradictions which make up so large a part of human life, both social and individual, none, when you come to think over them, are more striking than those which belong to the tilling of the earth. Every one who can put two and two together, and is in the habit of looking forward into the future, will admit that at the heart of nearly all large questions, political, social, and even moral, there lies, hidden often, but always real, the central question—How can the greatest produce be secured at the least expense from an acre of ground? The very point of the admonition that man does not live by bread alone, is the acceptance as an indisputable truth of the statement that the crude force of man is measured in quantity by his food, however much it may be shaped in quality by directing circumstance. As an old writer has it: "The success of government and the security of morals is dependent on the appropriate distribution of adequate food." And our food must always come from the ground. The soberest forecasts and the wildest dream of science alike agree that to the farthest future the transmutation through the green machinery of plants will ever remain the cheapest way of embodying sunlight, the source of all our energy, in human flesh.

This being admitted, there comes the obvious but no less cogent consideration that the quantity of food which an acre will bear is, within the limits imposed by natural conditions, simply a matter of science and of art. And here I must crave the reader's permission to insist on a distinction between the science of agriculture and the art of farming; the former being the slow and patient inquiry into the general

laws which govern the growth of crops and the health of beasts, while the latter is the swift, nimble-handed, but judicious application of the same general principles to particular cases, so that crops may flourish and beasts may thrive. A like distinction is seen in other walks of life. The art of engineering is based on the science of mechanics, and the doctor's daily work consists in the skilful application to each patient's case of the acquired truths of the science of pathology.

Of the art of farming, of the intelligent carrying out of such principles, traditional or empirical, as are at present in vogue, or of the skilful application to the culture of land of the various mechanical aids which engineering science has afforded, I propose to say nothing here. As far as the mere art is concerned we may well be proud of the position of the British farmer. He has boldly and yet wisely availed himself of all modern improvements, and the energy with which progress is being pushed in this direction is worthy of all admiration. All the stronger appears the contrast between the art and the science. Some indeed refuse to admit the very existence of any science of agriculture. Many a British farmer, if you talk to him of the science of farming, will smile an incredulous smile, and triumphantly remind you that science cannot change the seasons or make bad weather into good. In his view, farming is purely an art, largely based on old precepts: an art in which success, when it comes, is too often a mere happy hit.

Men too of more enlightened minds often speak and act as if they ignored the existence of a science of agriculture, or at least disbelieved in the possibility of its being expanded

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beyond its present meagre limits. Not only in their daily practice, but in their speculations as to the future of the agriculturist, they seem almost to think that the rotation of crops is the alpha and omega of the science of husbandry. They appear unwilling or unable to conceive of the vast changes in the rules of tillage which may, or shall I say must come, when the darkness which at present shrouds the mystery of the struggle between seed and soil is driven away by patient inquiry, and man gets at last to understand the parts which phosphorus and potash play in building up protoplasm and starch. They talk and write as if there were no hope of gaining any such light, as if the farmer never could possess a knowledge worthy of the name of science, as if his prospects in the future were absolutely bounded by his chances of cheapening labour and transit, and of obtaining an answer to his prayers for fine weather.

And yet no one who has studied the growth of human knowledge can doubt that a science of agriculture does potentially exist, and must in due time develop into power, small and weak as its beginnings may at present seem to be. The analogy of the sister science of medicine speaks on this point with no uncertain voice. To every one competent to judge it is clear that the purely scientific investigations into the nature of disease, which have been and are being pursued with increasing energy and increasing success, are changing the medical art from an uncertain blind meddling into a sure and enlightened method, and will in the future give the doctor a power over life and health which, did we possess it at the present day, would seem little short of miraculous. So also every thinking man can foresee that the science which is turning the world upside down, must eventually transform the old traditional tillage of the soil into something wholly new, and make the farmer in times to come a scientific man.

Nor indeed are there wanting signs that such a transformation is already slowly yet surely being carried on. But, and this is the inconsistency of the thing, seeing the vast importance of successful agriculture, and recognising that the science as it grows will bear fruit manifold in an increasing power of the art, and year by year convert chance prosperity into sure triumph over nature, what means are being taken in England to forward the progress of this agricultural science?

If we look at the other arts, we shall find the members of the respective guilds enthusiastically bent on two things: on the advancement of scientific inquiry, and on the scientific education of the practitioner; and experience teaches that these two aims are best secured when neither is divorced from the other. If we turn to the doctors we shall find that while on the one hand every member is striving, according to his talents and circumstances, to advance the knowledge of disease; on the other hand, the whole profession is agitated by discussions as to how the training of the doctor may be made more thoroughly scientific without impairing his practical novitiate. And in the other professions we shall find the same exertions and the same progress.

But how is it with agriculture, in this country at least? Where is English scientific agricultural research? When the great and bold experimental work which Lawes and Gilbert have so many years been carrying on at Rothamsted has been mentioned, what remains? I do not forget the meritorious efforts of the Royal Agricultural Society, the Highland Society, the Bath and West of England Society, and other agricultural associations. I am well aware that there are men belonging to these associations who are keenly alive to the supreme importance of purely theoretic investigations. I admit that these societies have from time to time instituted or supported valuable scientific inquiries. But an

impartial witness who examines their records is driven to the conclusion that the general tone of the members is essentially a "practical" one, while the researches which they affect are for the most part fragmentary, directed to the solution of some special problem, and not conceived in the far-seeing spirit of the Rothamsted work. The very motto of one of them, "Practice with Science," illustrates this, for it meets the feelings of the British farmer by putting "practice" first.

The doctors, the engineers, and the members of other professions whose practice is based on science have long ago found out that the surest and, in the long run, shortest and cheapest, way to solve a practical problem is not to attack the problem itself, but to push on the inquiry into the general principles which the problem involves; that what some men call "theory" is in the end the most practical of studies. In England agriculturists as a body do not at present seem to have reached this view; they still for the most part turn a deaf ear to the demand for abstract experimental inquiries. On the Continent, and especially in Germany, it is otherwise. There numerous experimental stations, largely subsidised by governments, are exclusively occupied in working out researches which to the British farmer may seem abstruse and far removed from his daily work, but the results of which will, even if slowly yet surely, effect radical changes in his routine methods. Abroad the inquirer into agricultural problems is recognised as a scientific worker, and his results are incorporated into the progressive body of science. How far different is the case in England may be shown by an examination of the records of the Royal Society. That learned body is essentially catholic in its aims and functions; it welcomes contributions from men in every branch of life, insisting only that the labours to which it sets its seal shall be truly scientific efforts, veritable additions to the general interpretation of nature. Ac-

cordingly its archives contain papers, not only from unembarrassed scientific inquirers, but also from men occupied in busy practice; its memoirs are written, not by professors only, but by engineers, doctors, officers in the army and navy, manufacturing chemists, and men engaged in trade. One business alone is conspicuous by the absence of contributions, the business of tilling the ground. Saving the valuable memoirs of Lawes and Gilbert, I do not remember to have seen for many years past any paper in the Society's Proceedings or Transactions enunciating scientific truths which had been worked out in an agricultural inquiry. Such a fact is a conclusive proof of the lack in England of that scientific agricultural research which alone can supply an adequate basis for the art of farming.

It is not, however, of agricultural research that I wish so much to speak in the present paper; I desire rather to deal with that other element of agricultural progress, the due scientific education of the farmer. As I have already said, the engineering, medical, and other professions are yearly becoming more and more exacting in their demands for scientific education. Time was when the greater part of the training of a medical student was carried out through an arrangement by which, under the name of "apprentice," he was for some years the servant of a doctor in practice; time was when the education of an engineer began and ended in the workshop. Nowadays, while no wise man underates the value of a time of probation in the workshop or the surgery, all are agreed that the engineer must be versed in applied mathematics, and the doctor in pathological science, in order to take a successful part in the struggle for professional existence. But this view that a scientific training is indispensable for the satisfactory prosecution of an art the basis of which rests on scientific conceptions can not as yet be said to have found its way into the agricultural profession.

I am not speaking now of those who having made money by the industrious exertions of their best years lose it in the evening of life through their finding pleasure in agricultural pursuits, for which they have had no previous preparation. I am referring to those who take to farming in their youth as their serious means of future livelihood. Very few of these—even when we have counted all those who have studied at the Agricultural Colleges at Cirencester or elsewhere—have had any real scientific training. In contrast to previous generations, the young farmer of the present day is often what is called an educated man, but in most cases his education has not been scientific. You will not unfrequently find him well acquainted with, even learned in, politics, literature, or art; but, in the majority of cases, his knowledge of chemistry and physics, of botany and physiology, is meagre and scanty, or indeed is at times a total blank.

And yet of all human occupations, the one which most of all stands in daily need of the safeguard of a sound scientific judgment and of wide scientific knowledge, is that of tilling the ground and feeding cattle. The problems of agriculture are scientific problems of the highest difficulty and complexity. The question, how under given conditions to feed a beast in the cheapest and best way, is one which involves the most profound physiological considerations, is one which can only be satisfactorily answered by prolonged and exact experimental inquiries. The adequate preparation of the ground for the growth of a given crop is a subject, which, seriously examined, expands into a whole series of problems, taxing to the utmost the fullest and most advanced chemical and botanical knowledge. The problems of medicine are complicated enough, but even they appear simple when compared with those of agriculture. I may confidently appeal to every botanist, chemist, or physiologist who has

seriously thought over the matter, to acquit me of exaggeration when I affirm that the problems of agriculture are distinguished even above those of other sciences by the demands which they make for wide knowledge and clearness of scientific judgment on the part of those who investigate them.

At Rothamsted, every summer for many years past, a party of representative men of science have met, at Mr. Lawes's invitation, to examine the progress of the experiments which he and Dr. Gilbert are there carrying out. It has been my good fortune occasionally to take part in those pleasant gatherings and to listen to the discussions to which the results of one experimental plot after the other give rise among the botanists, chemists, and physiologists present. At those visits questions are often started which probe deeply into the innermost secrets of nature; and Dr. Gilbert's exposition of what is taking place in that swathe of grass or that patch of clover sets going arguments on molecular forces, on the abstruse mysteries of cell life, or on the unseen turmoil continually working in the crust of earth which we call soil, and which is as truly alive as any bird or plant. I think I am not stating a whit too much when I say that after one of those charming June days each visitor returns home carrying with him some new ideas for his own special line of work, be it botany or chemistry, physics or physiology, and more than ever impressed with the tangled complexity of the problems suggested in the growth of a blade of grass, or the effect of manure on soil.

We must of course distinguish between the investigator and the practitioner. The everyday farmer is not called upon to devote his time or his fields to speculative inquiries, nor does he need the knowledge necessary to carry on elaborate experiments. And we may in passing remark that the science of agriculture cannot be built up out of petty and broken

experiences such as his ; it, even more than other sciences, needs for its progress systematic, elaborate, and prolonged inquiry. Nevertheless the practitioner, like the inquirer, has need of science. Whether he admits it or no, his daily work is a series of small experiments, in the conduct of which he is sure to be influenced by the current theories of the time. He needs scientific knowledge, he needs still more scientific training, in order that he may acquire a power of scientific judgment which will preserve him from the snares of pseudo-science and quackery continually spread for him, and which will enable him to seize upon and profit by that help which real science will bring him more and more every year. The case of the ordinary farmer is the analogue of that of the ordinary doctor. The progress of the science of medicine is not the sum of the isolated efforts of busy doctors, engaged with one patient after another all day (and all night) long. The plain duty of such men is to remove a malady, not to speculate into its nature, to apply with judgment acknowledged rules, not to use their patients as experimental material. Their experiences are doubtless often most valuable, and when recorded may become distinct contributions to science; yet these contributions are, at the best, but broken fragments. The chief building of the edifice of scientific medicine has to be done, and is done, by men whose time and position enable them to devote themselves to prolonged and consecutive inquiry. Yet in his daily life the busy doctor finds daily demands on his scientific knowledge, and his success in practice is greater and more lasting in proportion as his practical skill is enlightened by scientific training.

So also with the farmer. If on the strength of a smattering of chemistry and a love of trying new things he makes feeble experiments badly planned and imperfectly carried out in a disconnected way on a petty

scale, he will simply ruin himself, doing others no good, but rather harm. For the most fertile source of error and confusion is furnished by rough imperfectly conducted experiments which serve only to tarnish and bring into disrepute the name of science. On the other hand it is impossible for him first to appreciate and next to put appropriately and easily into practice the real results of science unless he be previously trained, not only in the knowledge of scientific facts, but in habits of scientific thinking. The results which are being slowly elaborated at Rothamsted and elsewhere may prove useful, or useless, or dangerous, according to the scientific capacity of the mind which wishes to put them into practice. At the present moment a certain safeguard exists in the ignorant contempt with which the practical British farmer regards all such experiments as absolutely foreign to his daily work; but the day is not far distant when he will try and consult them and like researches with reference to what he shall do, and then he will meet with waste and disaster, or success and plenty, accordingly as he has intellectual power and technical knowledge to appreciate exactly how and when their teachings should be applied.

Here then are two great inconsistencies. It is clear that the tilling of the ground is one of the most important of human duties; and it is equally clear that the problems of agriculture are scientific problems, the solutions of which have on the one hand to be gained by arduous and prolonged investigation, and on the other hand ought to be applied by men whose scientific training qualifies them for the task. Agriculture is in crying need as well of the scientific investigator as of the scientifically enlightened practitioner. Yet hardly any efforts, certainly no systematic efforts, are being made to forward the work of the one and very few to secure the efficiency of the other.

There is moreover another and more special inconsistency, the consideration of which will perhaps suggest a means of correcting the other two.

The word farmer in England is generally understood to mean "tenant farmer," a man cultivating land not his own. The landlord from whom he rents the land has in most cases the right to dictate, to a certain extent, the methods of agricultural procedure, and is thereby so far constituted a judge in the art of farming. The landlord is also in many cases, at the present day in an increasing number of cases, himself a farmer, farming his own land.

Whatever doubt there may be about the farmer being an educated man, there can be none about the landlord. In the vast majority of cases he has had the opportunity of profiting by the best education which the country can give; he has enjoyed the advantages first of a public school and afterwards of one of our great universities. But observe the inconsistency in the nature of his education. A lad who knows, or whose friends know or expect, that he will hereafter assume the care of large estates, cultivating many acres himself and becoming, as I have said, an agricultural lawgiver over still more, spends years at school and at the university studying, with varying diligence and success, classical literature and the rudiments of mathematical science. In prospect of a parliamentary career or in view of the duties of a country magistrate he not unfrequently is encouraged after leaving the university to devote some time to specific legal studies. For these contingent and subsidiary functions due care is taken in his mental equipment; for that which in the great majority of cases, will prove the serious business of his life, the usual education of the English country gentleman makes absolutely no preparation whatever. When he enters into the management of his estates he will find that a large part of his time is spent in forming decisions and

giving directions in questions connected with the feeding of cattle and the growth of crops: a very large part unless he is willing to abdicate his mastership in favour of his bailiff or agent. In these questions he will get little help from mathematics, classics, literature, or philosophy; when he wishes to form a logical opinion for himself on any debated point he will find that what he needs is a sound knowledge of chemistry and of vegetable or animal physiology. I believe I am only giving voice to the thoughts of many country gentlemen now in the prime of life, upon whose hands the cultivation of many acres has been thrown, when I say that again and again without depreciating the value of the education which they did receive when young, they bitterly regret that they did not add to it at least some training in the sciences which I have just mentioned, for they find that these sciences are the supreme judges in agricultural questions.

Possibly some of them would be willing to go with me still a step further. Seeing that their comrades at college who adopted the professions of the Church, medicine, or law, obtained from their *alma mater* a special training, either initial or complete, for their respective professions, they may ask the question, why should not the university, the seat *par excellence* of education of the English country gentleman, provide adequate means for training him, as well as the clergyman, the lawyer, or the doctor, for his special business in life, why should it not add to general culture specific agricultural education?

The question may well be asked at the present time when both our great Universities of Cambridge and Oxford are making efforts to show that their ancient organization is elastic enough to hold the new learning as well as the old, and are setting an example of how in many directions professional training may be gained without the sacrifice of a liberal education. And,

indeed, if we clearly grasp the limits up* to which agricultural education may safely be carried on in a university, and beyond which it cannot be pushed without almost certain ridiculous failure, it will be seen that a very few changes would provide an agricultural curriculum, the benefits of which it would be difficult to over-estimate. I have spoken repeatedly of the science of agriculture, but it must be remembered that the word science can only thus be used in a particular sense. The science of agriculture does not stand on the same line as the science of physics, or chemistry, or botany; it is a concrete, composite science, and indeed we can only speak of it as a science in the same way as we speak of the science of medicine or of engineering. A great part of the science of agriculture, all that relates to the growth of crops is in fact simply a mixture of portions of chemistry with portions of vegetable physiology; and another part of the science, that which deals with the feeding of cattle is nothing more than a branch of animal physiology. The universities either have, or will very shortly have, all the machinery required for the fullest instruction in chemistry and in physiology, both vegetable and animal; all that is needed is some special development of those parts of these several sciences which refer to agriculture. This is not the place to enter into details, otherwise I might easily sketch out a curriculum which would secure to the country gentleman all the general advantages which he at present derives from the university, and at the same time afford him a special training for his future duties. And that curriculum might be established with the least possible disturbance to the present system of studies. Two or three additional readers or assistant professors, a special laboratory, and a plot of ground, which might be dignified with the title of an experimental farm, would be all the new equipment required.

I venture to urge this new development of university activity on the plea of educational needs because I know that a distinctly educational plea finds readiest response both within the universities themselves and with the public at large; but I am free to confess that to my own mind, the strongest argument for the adoption of such a plan is the reflection that it would be a powerful aid to agricultural research. Old as it is, agriculture is still in its earliest infancy; meanwhile social and political speculations continue to be vitiated by the assumption that man's cultural power over land will ever remain as feeble as it is at present. Feeble it must remain so long as no systematic efforts are made to unravel the tangled relations of soil and plant, of beast and food, by substituting prolonged theoretic inquiries into fundamental questions, in the place of disconnected empiric trials. I have already spoken of the great work which Mr. Lawes and Dr. Gilbert are carrying on at Rothamsted; but if those gentlemen were at any time to stop their experiments, agricultural research in England would practically come to an end. For who is there to take their place? On the Continent, as I have already urged, the importance of theoretic inquiry is fully recognised; and in many an experimental station (*Versuchsstation*) problems are with more or less success being worked out, the solution of which will ultimately determine the daily practice of the British farmer.

But a still better way than the German one is open to us Englishmen. In an isolated *Versuchsstation* inquiry is apt to go astray for the want of some corrective presence. Whereas in a university each branch of learning is at once spurred to activity and restrained from fruitless wanderings by the influence of other studies. Moreover experience proves that teaching and research are mutually benefited by being carried on at the same time and place. The

inquirer finds that the duty of instructing others, when not made too burdensome, helps to clear his ideas and to suggest new lines of thought; while the pupils of a teacher who is at the same time an investigator, feel that they are listening to one who speaks with authority and not as one of the scribes. If, as I have suggested, provision were made in our great universities for teaching the principles of agriculture to the future landed proprietors and country gentlemen of England, a great impetus would at the same time be given to agricultural research. It would be impossible for those in charge of an agricultural school to stand still with folded arms while they saw around them other branches of learning pushed forward with energy in all directions; and in a subject so full of unsolved, indeed of almost unattacked, problems, the very first course of lectures to students would inevitably be followed by a series of investigations, which it would be at once the duty and the pride of the university to support by all the means in its power. The reproach, of which I spoke a little while back, of the paucity of theoretic agricultural inquiries in England would speedily be wiped away.

To some of my readers such a proposal may seem startling; and yet I am urging no new thing, at least as far as one university is concerned. At Oxford the Chair of Botany is also the chair of Rural Economy. That distinguished man, Sibthorp, who, like many men of his time, had clearer and wider views of the needs and duties of a university than those which are fashionable at the present day, expressly left an estate to the Chair of Botany to serve as an experimental plot for the carrying out of agricultural research. I am simply asking that at Oxford the wishes of this pious founder should be respected and developed, and that his example should be followed at the less affluent university of Cambridge.

Were schools of agriculture developed, in the manner which I have suggested, at the old universities of Cambridge and Oxford, which from their very position in the midst of agricultural districts are, as it were, marked out for such a task, their benefits need not be confined to the class of which I have just been speaking, to young country gentlemen or future owners of many acres. Every one must have watched with interest the efforts which of late years have been made to open up the great benefits of university teaching and university residence to those who are not wealthy, to restore the lost traditions of the "poor scholars" of Oxford and Cambridge. It is becoming every day more and more in the power of the father of "moderate means" to give his son at once general university culture and special professional training. "Going to college" and "extravagant expenditure" are everyday becoming less and less identical terms. A university education is now being sought, not only by the rich, and by those for whom, though looking forward to no more than a moderate income as clergymen and schoolmasters, such an education has special and artificial advantages, but also by those who will hereafter have to struggle for existence as men of business, doctors, engineers and the like. If the portals of the university are wide enough to receive these, and they gain good by coming, surely the farmer may be gathered in as well. In many minds, perhaps, the phrase "a farmer with a university education" may raise a smile; but that smile is only justifiable so long as university training is unsuited to a farmer's life. Under the provisions which I have sketched out, the phrase would simply mean that the man had added to the general culture of an intelligent citizen a special theoretic training which all his life long afterwards would be to him at once a guide and a guard in the business of his daily life.

I might further urge that if agri-

culture is to exist in England at all, if English acres are to be cultivated at a profit, the English farmer must suffer some such change as that which I have indicated; his very existence in the future is contingent on his being educated and trained as a member of a scientific profession. Observant men versed in agricultural matters tell us that we are on the verge of an agricultural crisis. In every county there is abundant evidence that it has become impossible for the farmer to gain a livelihood by farming his lands on the old lines; farm after farm is being thrown up, the former occupant seeking some other mode of living. Nor can this increasing difficulty be adequately met by changes in the land laws or by reductions of transit tariffs. If English husbandry is to be saved, it must be saved by science. The farmer of tradition, whether of the old or modern style, must disappear, and his place be taken by a new order of men, who will command success by the skilful, business-like application of the results of scientific investigation, and by the sheer power of knowledge force the earth to yield forth her fruits in profitable plenty.

There is yet another consideration worthy of serious attention. We English folk are largely responsible for the well being of the vast continent of India. That land is in a great measure an agricultural land, and the success of our rule there is much more dependent on the wisdom with which we regulate and foster the culture of the soil than on the precautions we take against Russian advances. Our responsibility in this matter is grave indeed. On the one hand there lies before us the possibility that ignorant and self-satisfied meddling with, or neglect of, agricultural matters may hurry on the country to irretrievable ruin. On the other hand, there seems almost no limit to the rich harvests which zeal, according to knowledge, might raise from that, in certain aspects, favoured

land. Our future there is contingent doubtless on our political wisdom, but that political wisdom will be largely shown by the broad, intelligent, scientific handling of agricultural questions. The reader of that important work, *The India Famine Report*, will, I venture to think, rise from the perusal impressed in many ways, but especially by the two following considerations.

In the first place, the traditional rules of British farming cannot, without great danger, be enforced in a land where all the conditions are so widely different. Questions of Indian husbandry must be settled, not by reference to Lothian precepts, but by an appeal to first principles, that is, to science. The laws and facts of geology, of botany, and of physiology, must be consulted at first hand if we are to struggle successfully with the wholly new agricultural problems which present themselves there.

In the second place, it is of no less moment that the rulers, especially the subordinate rulers whom we send out from our shores, should be competent, by virtue of their previous training, to form judgments on agricultural questions. Let them, of course, be men of brains; and employ such special machinery of examination as may be deemed most conducive to cerebral growth, be it Greek, or mathematics, or logic; but at least ensure that those who hereafter will be called upon to act as supreme judges, or as responsible advisers in agricultural matters, should not leave their native land absolutely ignorant, not only of the ordinary rules of tillage, but even of the elements of the sciences on which the art of husbandry is founded. At the present time it might be difficult perhaps to find the men possessing these qualifications. But that difficulty would be met if the scheme which I have urged were adopted. The nation would then have at least the opportunity of selecting for Indian posts men

who, whatever the touchstone of actual life might prove to be their real worth, would, at all events, be started on their career with the advantages of having received a university training, and of having acquired so much agricultural knowledge and judgment as a teacher can impart to his pupils. More than this no educational machinery can provide.

Lastly, man does not live by bread alone: the need to make life pleasant and bright is no less imperious than the need to make life possible. And the culture of land, while it is the ultimate measure of the continuance of human life, is at the same time the source of some of the purest pleasures which soften the asperities of the struggle for existence. Agriculture is capable, under the name of horticulture, of being developed into "a fine art," whose power to soothe and charm, to lighten up the dullness of the daily tasks of a hard mechanic life, is acknowledged by all. A land without flowers, a land where the soil was everywhere tilled without regard to landscape beauty, would be a land from which all who could would flee. To us in England horticulture in its widest sense has a special interest, for it requires no great foresight to perceive that in coming years one great element of our national prosperity will depend on the extent to which we develop the opportunity we have of making England a pleasant place for wealthy folk to live in. Other nations may compete with us and beat us in industries and manufactures, distant lands may continue to outbid us in the grosser nutritive necessities of life; but we have it in our power, in spite of our fickle and treacherous climate, to make our little isle a land at once of learning and of pleasant homes: a land sought after by those, both of our own nation and of others, who desire and can afford the delights of a quiet and yet intellectual life. But the principles which govern the culture of flowers and plants, grown only to please, are identical with those

which govern the culture of things grown only to eat; and I reckon it a notable, though subsidiary, feature of the scheme which I have proposed that it would incidentally lead at the same time to a development of scientific horticulture, a want no less urgent than that of scientific agriculture.

Did time and space permit, I might urge many more considerations in support of the views which I have ventured to lay before the reader. I might adduce reasons, not entirely I trust without weight, for believing that the science of agriculture in the sense in which I have used it, might with profit be employed as a means of general liberal education, and on that ground alone form part of a university curriculum. I might show that the plan which I have suggested is no crude novelty, but has been entertained by eminent authorities. The member for the University of London, Sir John Lubbock, in the admirable speech which he made upon his election last year, insisted in the strongest manner on the prime importance of systematic agricultural education. And on this point I might add, that though it may be difficult or impossible for the University of London to inaugurate or carry out successfully such a scheme, the thing is easy for the older Universities of Cambridge or of Oxford.

I might have developed at fuller length and in greater detail the questions on which I have touched; but I must be content to leave what I have written as it is, a mere series of hints and suggestions. It will have well served its purpose if it succeeds in calling the attention of the public to a matter of pressing importance. I will therefore conclude by briefly recapitulating the main arguments which I have ventured to urge.

Notwithstanding the vast importance of increasing, and thereby cheapening, the produce gathered from

cultivated land, and in the spite of considerable advance in the application of mechanical aids to farming, the real progress of agriculture is lamentably slow.

This lack of adequate development is due to two main causes: to the rarity of scientific investigation into the principles upon which the tilling of the ground (and the care of cattle) ought to be carried out—*i.e.* into the laws governing the growth of crops and of beasts—and to the want of adequate scientific training on the part of the farmer. So far from being an occupation which any one may follow, without adequate preparation, being governed simply by rude empiric rules, farming is in reality a difficult art, demanding wide scientific knowledge and sound scientific judgment on the part even of him who merely practices it, and taxing to the utmost the skill and power of original inquiry of those who desire to advance its scientific basis. There is an urgent need in this, as in other countries, of scientific investigation, as distinguished from mere empiric trials, of sustained inquiry as distinguished from scattered and fitful experiments, into the relations of soil and crops, of beasts and food, in order that the tillage of the land may, like the practice of the other professions in which man has to struggle against nature, expand with increasing insight into the laws of nature instead of being hampered by blind obedience to traditions and narrowed by timid experience. There is no less urgent need that the practical farmer should be so far trained in science as to be able to make an intelligent use of the advantages which science offers him, as well as to be able to avoid the snares which false science continually spreads for him.

Both these objects might at one and the same time be gained by the development of agricultural schools at the

older universities, thus following the example which has already been set in the parallel professions of engineering and medicine.

The investigation of agricultural problems, being a purely scientific task, is one which (in common with other scientific inquiries) the nation may justly look to the universities to carry out; for it is in order that they may perform such duties that their emoluments are preserved to them. Their wealth was given to them for the advancement of learning, and their very name contains a pledge that they are ready to devote themselves to every kind of study. Moreover, on the ground of economy, and for other reasons, it is desirable that, where possible, each special line of scientific inquiry should be carried on in the company of other studies whose presence will act at once as a stimulus and as a corrective. More especially is this the case with agricultural inquiry, the problems of which being partly chemical, partly botanical, partly physiological, will certainly be more readily solved in institutions where chemists, botanists, and physiologists are already working, than in isolated stations.

But a school of agricultural investigation would be aided rather than hampered by the coexistence of a school for agricultural education.

The establishment of such a school at once of inquiry and of tuition would necessitate comparatively slight changes in the organisation of either Cambridge or Oxford. Such a school might be started with small beginnings, needing at the outset but slight expenditure, leaving it for time to decide whether it was of real use or no, whether the views I have urged are sound deductions from what I see around me, or whether I have wholly misjudged the needs and misread the teachings of modern times.